

1866.

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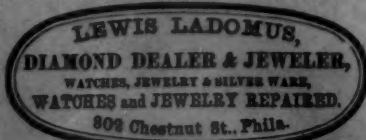
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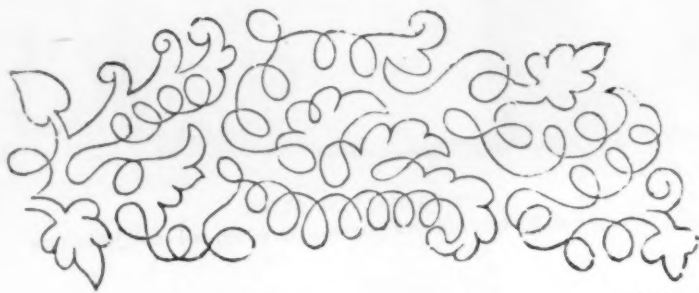
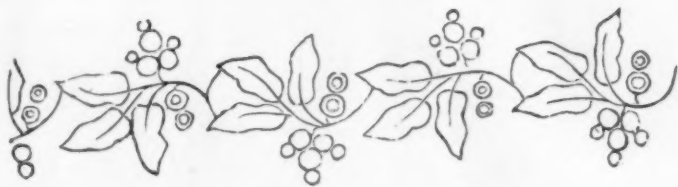


LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION



THE KITTEN.

SOPHIA





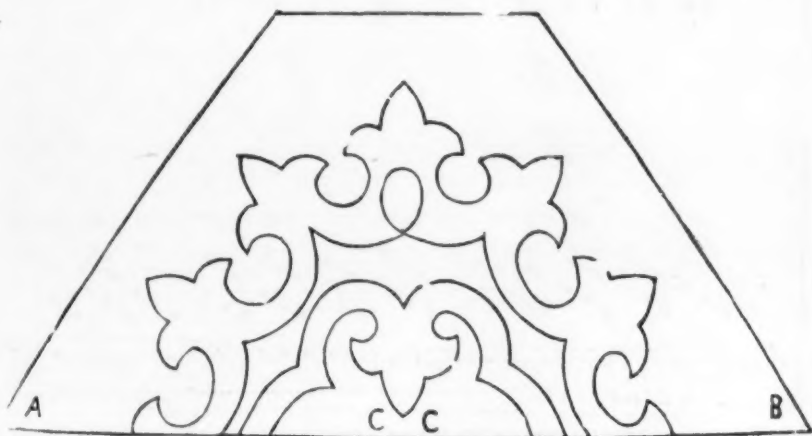
SPRING WALKING-DRESS.

Dress of gray "stuff," trimmed with narrow black velvet, and small jet buttons.
(236)



MORNING DRESS,

Of blue or gray merino, trimmed with a border of black silk, edged on both sides with narrow black velvet, and ornamented with small steel star buttons. Black belt and steel buckle. Under-petticoat of black and white striped poplin. Ornaments composed of loops and pendent ends, fastened with small steel buckles, are arranged on the tops of the sleeves, and upon the waist behind. A simple band surrounds the waist.



EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

(237)

"Music selected by J. A. GETZE"

"SOLEMN MUSIC GRANDLY PEALING."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY L. G. BARBOUR.

Andante Cantabile.

VOICE

Solemn

mu - sic grandly peal - ing Borne up - on the nightly air, Wakens

in the soul a feel - ing Earthly speech can ne'er de - clare Voices

with the or - gan blending, Swell to rap - - ture's noblest thrill; Then with

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1865, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

soft - est cadence end - ing, Die a - way— and all is still.

RITARD.

Solemn music grand - ly pealing Borne up on the night - ly air, Wakens

f

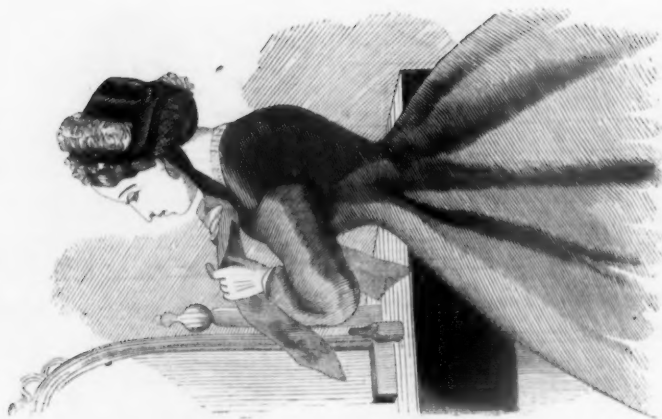
in the soul a feel - ing, Earthly speech can ne'er de - clare.

2.
While entranced with joy I listen
Wide the pearly gates unfold,
Paradise waters glisten,
Angels strike their harps of gold;
And the ransomed ones are singing,
In a vast exulting throng,
And the highest heavens are ringing
With the melody of song.
Solemn music, &c.

3.
Oh the sweet and pure emotions,
Which those happy spirits share!
I would join in their devotions;
I would stand and worship there.
But the glory and the gladness
Faint and fade before my sight;
And in silence and in sadness
I look out upon the night.
Solemn music, &c.



Striped alpaca dress for little girl, with double skirt,
cut in points and bound with silk.



A gray linsy dress in the Princess form,
and so gored in front as to be without plaits
at the waist.

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1866.

HOW WE WENT TO LAURIAN.

BY E. R. M.

On one of the sultriest of August mornings, Cousin Jane Bennett and I, with our respective husbands, were sitting at breakfast in her pleasant dining-room. The fact of the present and prospective heat, however, only heightened our enjoyment at that hour, for the cottage was shaded by tall trees which did not crowd while they protected it, and the most delicate and luxuriant of petted and saucy vines clambered over the piazzas and peeped in at the open doors and windows. A delicious sense of isolation from the hot, dusty, sweltering world, through whose toilsome ways we had reached that haven of repose and coolness, came over us.

The delicate breakfast and fragrant coffee put us in excellent humor with ourselves and each other, and conversation, which somebody says can only exist between *two*, flourished exceedingly well between us four. This, however, could by strict adhesion to the spirit of matrimonial legislation be reconciled to the foregoing statement. Not so readily, perhaps, could our entire unity with our legal representatives have been inferred from the spirit and boldness with which Jane and I proceeded to propose and discuss an independent tour, to visit a mutual friend who was domesticated for the summer in the remotest Pennsylvanian regions traversed by the Alleghanies. We knew the two gentlemen could not go. Business had not fully released them from her clutches if it was summer-time, but was only allowing them a fictitious sort of freedom, as a cat does with a mouse. If they tried to go too far, *pat*, and there they were between her paws again.

But we wanted to see Hattie French; she wanted to see us; and, why could we not go alone? We *could*, and we expatiated on the perfect safety of ladies travelling alone, on the invigorating air of the mountains, and the coolness and beauty of the valleys, congratulating each other upon the delights of the trip, seemingly unconscious of the doctor's ominous silence, and *my* lord's very meek and unlordly questionings as to how far it was, how many changes of cars, and the exact location and accommodations of "Laurian," the place of the nearest Post Office to our friend, and where we must wait indefinitely for a private conveyance to our destination.

We wanted to *surprise* Hattie, but that could not be on account of the eight miles intervening between her residence and the railroad. A letter must be prudently dispatched at least a week before us, that the carriage might be sent to meet us at Laurian.

The question was carried by assurance. We were to go. We entered into details, provided against accidents and mistakes, and settled as to how little baggage could be taken, ostentatiously, that the masculine element might see how sensible and entirely competent we were for the enterprise. It had gone too far now for opposition, and, not without some shrugs and doubtful phrases, they signified their permission. During the week that intervened before our starting, I was making sundry visits a few miles distant, but Jane and I passed several notes, relative to the proposed trip, through the mail, which fact I was careful should be brought to the notice of my fearful

husband, as a proof of the care and thoroughness with which ladies provided for contingencies and emergencies in all that they attempted.

The truth was, that more uncertainty than we cared to acknowledge hung round the proposition in our own minds. Inquiries so far were in vain as to the precise location of Laurian, or its distance from us. Neither could we become quite certain as to the railroad by which it was reached, after leaving the village of Jacksonsport, some fifty miles from us. In fact, no map or railroad guide which we consulted made mention of Laurian. And yet, there it was plain enough, written upon the corners of the letters we had received from Hattie. But it would not do to let her doctor or my John know of our uncertainty on this point. We might have to give up the trip and be laughed at for our pains. So we talked to them as if we knew all about it, and confidentially said to each other, that of course there was a Laurian, and we could find it. We were going. It was too late now, after all our bravery, to stay at home from fear.

A few days before the one appointed for our debut as independent travellers, I had accompanied John on a visit to a farm some three miles from Jacksonsport, and it was arranged that Jane should meet me at that village. John drove me to the depot in an open carriage, under the hottest of August suns. Before we arrived there, he made bold to express his incredulity as to the safety and success of our undertaking, and even ventured to hint his opinion that Jane had, at the last moment, come to her senses, and would not meet me. He added with entirely superfluous solemnity and firmness that I should not enter the cars until he had positively assured himself that she was on the train. Truth compels the admission that his failure to do so would not at that moment have been a very severe trial. I was getting nervous and fearful over our journey, and would not have regarded it as the worst termination of it possible, to ride quietly back to the farm with him, if only it were Cousin Jane's courage instead of mine which had faltered.

But the long noon-train came thundering up, and she sat at a window looking out for me and waving her handkerchief.

"It's all right," John said, looking relieved, and hurrying me and my parcels on board, "there she is."

"But, John," I said faintly, after I was seated, the good-bys spoken and looked, the bell ringing, and he was hurrying off, "do you

know just where Laurian is, and how much farther we are to go on this train?"

"Why, no," he said; turning back and looking very blank, "don't you? Hasn't Hattie written you all the directions?" I believe he contemplated catching us both up and throwing us from the car window, rather than allow the train to bear us away.

"Oh, I've found out all about it," spoke up Cousin Jane. "Mr. Bent is on the train, an old neighbor of ours, and he knows just where the Frenches live and has been there."

We were starting, John hastened out of the car only half satisfied, and we saw him on the platform, as we passed, with a sadness and doubt on his face that threw me into a self-reproachful and foreboding mood.

Mr. Bent really did know where Laurian was, and was travelling in the same direction. Twelve miles from Jacksonsport he assisted us to change cars, bought our tickets, and we congratulated ourselves upon our good fortune most complacently. It was all right after all. An hour or two more would bring us to our station, and we should have proved our entire competency for any like excursion in future. In fact, we planned several within the first half hour.

The railroad was a new one, and had evidently commenced operations upon the principle of trying to please everybody. A "switch" seemed to have been added for the especial benefit of each town lying within ten miles of it, and we were nearly all the while "backing" into or out of some one of them. At one we were locked into the car, and sat in the fiercest rays of a broiling sun to watch our conductor eat his dinner in a deliciously cool-looking saloon, surrounded with fresh fruit and sliced melons.

The afternoon wore away and we were still moving on. The heat became so oppressive as to seem unendurable. We began to look wistfully out, and speculate upon the nearness of those cool mountain retreats. Gradually the skies had clouded, though the heat seemed more stifling than ever. At five o'clock rain was falling, but with no effect upon the sultry atmosphere.

Feelings of gloom would intrude. The country was growing wild, a heavy storm was evidently coming on. Mr. Bent bade us good-by, assuring us that Laurian was much nearer than when we started. We now felt that our only friend was the conductor. We eagerly watched for his passages through the car, and at each one informed him that we must be left

at Laurian. The third time we were almost positive we saw an incipient smile upon his lips. We looked out of the windows. The rain was falling in torrents, we could see nothing but pine forests and towering mountains, farther and farther into whose recesses the train was bearing us. It seemed impossible that anybody lived within even eight miles of that railroad. We thought anxiously of the ride in the rain, and wondered if Hattie herself had come to meet us.

"Laurian!" was at length shouted from the car door, just as we were consulting our watches for the twentieth time in the half hour, and feeling sure that the station had been called, and the conductor had forgotten us. That personage now appeared, helped us and our baggage out of the car, and jumped back on the train, which had scarcely paused in its flight through the mountain gorge. They were off again, rumbling and thundering out of sight before we comprehended the realities of our situation. One glance around, and we felt an insane desire to shriek out to them to stop and take us on again. Too late; they were gone, and we stood in a pouring, drenching rain on a platform ten feet long and three wide, with a shanty six feet square behind us, which contained five men and three boys, and was full. Jane had her new bonnet on, with fresh, green ribbons, and she desperately pushed her way in. My travelling hat and coat had become unspoilable, after four weeks of dusty wanderings, so I stayed outside and studied the position. Frowning mountain-peaks, dense forests and lowering clouds in the back-ground. Closer by, a few piles of lumber, one low, whitewashed, rambling building with unmistakably dirty surroundings. A little farther, a group of small cabins or huts of one low room each. That was all. Some roads were visible which seemed to come from the mountains. I strained my eyes anxiously, but in vain, for a glimpse of something like a carriage coming to meet us, then courageously joined Jane in the "Depot." The men had all left but two, whom we now accosted.

"They knew French's team. It hadn't been down that day."

"Was it too late to expect it now?"

"Oh, yes, 'twas nigh on t' seven o'clock; they couldn't get back that night to Badger's Mills if they come so late."

And they too went away, and the boys with them, and we were left alone, save two barefooted, bareheaded, tattered and spattered, finger-in-mouthed little girls, who shyly watched

us from the door, unmindful of the falling torrents.

It would soon be dark. I didn't dare to look at Jane, she didn't dare to speak to me, so I started out into the rain again. At the door I paused, while Jane addressed the youthful females who guarded it.

"Was there a hotel anywhere near?"

"No; but they's a tarvern where folks goes," the eldest replied, pointing to the right.

I looked; it was the low building which seemed buried in dirt. Protected by a sun-umbrella I boldly set out towards its door which I reached, dripping and breathless. I renewed the inquiries as to our friends.

"No. French's hadn't been down in two 'r three days. Knowed 'em well. Always seen 'em when they was down."

This information from a tall, gaunt, wild-looking individual with his hands in his pockets, while standing on a "stoop" whose decaying floor was inch deep with filth.

"Was there a carriage in the place which could be hired to take two ladies to Badger's Mills that evening?"

"He reckoned they was. Ef the ladies would come over and take a seat in the parlor, he thought he could get one ready in about half an hour."

Things were brightening. Through the steadily pouring rain I went back to Jane with the tidings. Travelling bags in hand, we took up our line of march for the "tarvern," the proprietor meeting us when nearly there with a muttered apology for not coming after our "things." He took them, and stalked on in advance.

"Parlor?" said Cousin Jane, as we came in sight of the edifice.

"He said parlor," I answered, firmly.

Six unkempt children were ranged on the aforesaid stoop to receive us, two of whom were the girls who had directed us there. We entered the "parlor" through an entry slippery with tobacco juice and clay. It was a low, dark room, with dirty, mouldering furniture, and the air so close and full of noisome vapors as almost to suffocate us. Opening the door only added a mixture of oaths, whisky and smoke from the bar-room opposite to the former compound.

But it was only for half an hour. We prepared for our ride with the best of spirits. Happiness is altogether comparative. The prospect of a ride of eight miles up a mountain, in darkness and driving rain, was delightful and made us jubilant, in contrast with that of

staying longer in Laurian. With towels pinned over our bonnets, all ready for a start, we sat down before the window, smelling bottles in hand, to "wait for the wagon."

"It might be a great deal worse," said Cousin Jane, philosophically, "what if we had to stay here all night!"

Fatal words! Our evil genii must have been at our elbows, and sped at once to improve upon the suggestion. Our host entered, and we started up eagerly.

"The kerridge was all ready for ye, ladies," he said, "but jest as 'twas comin' over the railroad the couplin' broke, an' it's gone to the blacksmith's, an' can take you up early in the mornin'."

We caught our breath, convulsively. Jane rallied first.

"But we must go to-night," she said; "there must be *something* else; we can ride in a wagon, in a lumber wagon, but we must go."

He professed great sorrow, but was immovable in his declaration that there was nothing else in the settlement.

"His horses was gone away, and he'd borried this one of a neighbor. Will you walk out to supper, ladies?"

We bore it; not with composure, resignation or philosophy, but simply because we were silenced, crushed, stunned. Nothing could equal the meekness with which we took off our bonnets, folded up the towels, and followed our host from the low, dirty parlor into the lower and dirtier dining-room, beyond which a rough shanty did duty as the lowest and dirtiest of kitchens. So far we had met our misfortunes and disappointments with courage and discretion. Now we surrendered hopelessly and without terms. Now we ceased to take cognizance of dirt, for was it not to be our normal condition during the ages that intervened between us and the morning? Months, even years, seemed already to have elapsed since we set foot in Laurian.

Our bewildered senses refused to take note of the contents of that supper-table. I have a vague remembrance of something black which was called coffee; of a sad, fretted-looking landlady, who was also the mother of the six children, asking if we would rather have tea; and that after she brought it she engaged in a series of skirmishes with her offspring to prevent their surrounding us as a bodyguard.

We went back to the parlor, and in the same dazed, confused, apathetic state examined the few books on the table. We were in doubt as

to the religious preferences of the household. Pilgrim's Progress, a Book of Common Prayer, and one of Methodist hymns divided the probabilities about equally between the Baptists, Episcopalians and Methodists. There was quite a large number of old daguerreotypes and ambrotypes, photographs had not yet appeared here, it would seem. We looked at these pictures, pausing to comment on each that they might last the longer. We opened one whence a fresh, girlish face looked out with full, sweet blue eyes, and a soft bloom over the rounded cheeks. A tender, earnest, pleading sweetness made it just such a face as we should be glad to see our dearest ones wear. It had a strangely familiar look withal, and presently we identified it with that of the faded, weary landlady. Was it possible that she had in her girlhood worn that lovely face, and where was now that womanly, sensitive, confiding heart which shone through it? And was it the tall, gaunt, uncouth host, with his wicked oaths and rough manners who had won that heart, and loved her in return?

We speculated and sentimentalized somewhat. A farmer's daughter, fresh, romantic and pretty. A first suitor, bold, dashing and in earnest, but lacking that innate purity without which human nature falls into beastliness and degradation.

Ten years of marriage. A lumberman's tavern, six neglected, filthy little ones, the wife prematurely old, broken in spirit and health—all the sweet promise of her youth lost—it may be forgotten; the husband surrounded by wicked, vulgar and profane men, grown coarser and bolder in sin till he fits the place he has chosen. We closed the picture and laid it aside. Just then the woman passed through the room, a fretful, impatient exclamation on her lips.

"It seems a great change for so short a time," I said musingly.

"I don't know," Jane replied. "I should not be surprised if we changed as much before morning! I feel it coming over me," and she shuddered with a realization of what such a life must be to those who *could not* get away in the morning, or worse, who did not want to.

Should we get away in the morning? How did we know into what surroundings, under what influences we had fallen? All the old nursery legends came trooping through my thought with an air of probability in their most startling details. I should scarcely have been surprised at the appearance of the most

terrible ogre, giant, or blue-beard of them all, declaring that he

"Smelt the blood of an Englishman,
Dead or alive he would have some!"

Our slender tallow candle and the evening wore away together. We deferred as long as possible any change in our position. We had sufficient experience to know the care, watchfulness and neatness necessary, in the best regulated households, to keep sleeping-rooms free from intruders of predatory and blood-thirsty proclivities. What might we, rather what might we not, expect here? Troubled at the thought we sat by the open window, salts in hand, looking out on the unabated storm which seemed more wild and fearful from the inky darkness.

By the dim light I could read in Jane's face volumes of regretful memories of the lovely cottage home, its airy rooms, its broad white beds, and flowing stainless curtains, its savory viands, its cheerful evening table and lamp, and most missed of all, the faces of husband and children. For myself I thought sadly of a modest brick in the Quaker City, whose shining steps led to the sanctuary of my home, and wondered, if I never got away from Laurian, whether John would ever know my fate! To tell the truth we were tired, hungry and sleepy. It could not well be longer put off, and we asked the landlady, who came in opportunely, to show us to our room. Up a steep, narrow staircase, a sharp turn to the right, and we entered it. Fancy had pictured it, but for a moment we were pleasantly disappointed. The pale, tired landlady had evidently done her best. The bed *looked* inviting—the sheets and pillows were almost white. Cheered by the alluring prospect of rest and forgetfulness, we turned to our hostess, and with kindly sympathy and interest, not unmixed with selfish gratitude, exchanged some heartfelt words of inquiry and pleasant mention of herself and children.

Left alone, we prepared for retiring, with our suspicions almost sleeping. Still, to assure ourselves of our good fortune, Jane brought the candle, so overcome by the hot summer night as to insist upon bending itself double, and looked earnestly about the bedstead, while I held up the heavy feather bed and chaff mattress by their corners. She triumphantly announced its entire freedom from intruding parties. It seemed too good to be true, and at the last moment I held the flame of the candle close to the head for a final look. Horrible sight! "Creeping things innumerable, both

small and great," rushed out frightened from hiding-places in crack and joint!

We withdrew into the farthest corner of the seven feet by nine room, and held a council of war. The details of the campaign are too full of terrors to be recounted; let it suffice, that with the pillows and one quilt we retreated as far as possible from the deceitful bed, and under an open window, through which we were sprinkled with rain-drops all night, we acted solely on the defensive, and overawed by superior numbers, sought only to elude the foe.

The earliest light found us kneeling at the low window, studying the surroundings. We had reached the point where "laughter comes easily as tears," and our comments on our position and all we saw were ludicrous enough to keep us in bursts of mirth for an hour. In fact, neither of us had shed a tear through all our trials. Where was the use, with no husbands there to be moved to pity?

Some ripe tomatoes in a small garden below were precious in our sight. Having eaten nothing since the day previous at noon, we were hungry—unmistakably, vulgarly, ravenously hungry. These tomatoes were *clean*; they had been washed all night by the rain; we could breakfast upon them. The prospect was glorious. Time crept on. We vacated the chamber as early as possible, and made ourselves all ready for resuming our journey. At half past seven we went again into the dining-room. An old woman in a man's boots, redolent of the barn-yard, passed through with brimming milk-pails. We sat opposite four unwashed, noisy, boasting teamsters; yet none of these things moved us. Some stewed tomatoes were offered—we liked them best *raw*. Could they give us some? After some hesitation the host offered to bring them from the garden. I said I would dress them, and cutting them in slices, after peeling, I filled two large saucers, and we feasted. I shall never again see a tomato without emotion.

Appetite appeased, we inquired as to the probabilities of an early start for Badger's Mills, and were informed that all was ready, if we thought we must go in the rain. The rain! We gave him to understand that it was of the utmost importance that we should go at once, and received a promise that the carriage would be ready in half an hour. Once more joyful preparations and congratulations—once more ready and waiting!

We called for and paid the landlord, with scarcely a thought of the repulsive food and pre-occupied bed, so grateful were we for his aid

in getting away from his house. A covered buggy, an old white horse, accompanied by a colt, a small boy in ragged trousers, check shirt and bare feet for a driver, for whom we made a seat with our baggage, and we were really on our way to Hattie French. Notwithstanding her mysterious failure to meet or send for us, we had no misgivings as to our welcome. Anybody else might change or grow cold, but Hattie, never. There was one fear, she might have been gone from home ere our letter arrived; and we were so inured to rebuffs and disappointments now, that this fear grew more palpable as we drew nearer.

Three hours had passed, and our boy said we were nearly there. It had been a slow, hard drive up a mountain road.

"This ere horse is a good trav'ler," said the boy, "or we shouldn't be there yet. The buggy's a good strong one, too," he added, "an' stan's heavy roads amazin'."

"Where was the carriage broken last night?" I asked.

"'Twant broke nowhere!" he replied, staring.

"But the landlord told us so"—and I told the story of the broken couplin'. "Pray what was the reason we could not come last night, if not that?"

He saw that he had betrayed his master. "Guess he thought he'd rather fetch you this mornin'," he muttered, hanging his head.

Well, we were there at last. Hattie's surprise and dismay at our sudden appearance in her sitting-room, sans crinoline, mud-bespattered, wild and uncouth as we were, were indescribable. Our letter had not yet arrived. We begged for dinner; "Not wait to get many kinds, but *plenty* of each," and retired to put ourselves in respectable array once more. Other guests were there; everything was delightful. In our renovated condition we had a hearty welcome, and in half an hour had forgotten Laurian.

"I've lain awake nights thinking how dreadful it would be if any of our friends had to stay there even for an hour or two," Hattie said, "and it never happened till *you* came."

Never was a pleasanter visit. The grand old pine forests, the large clear springs, with the whitest sand and the coldest water, the busy old mills, the large, convenient, cheerful house, with its rooms made beautiful as only Hattie can make rooms; last, but not least, the dear, loving, congenial little group of friends—made time fly very rapidly. When I could tarry no longer, but must go back to John

and thence home to the city, they all accompanied me to Laurian.

What glorious outlooks from the mountain side! What fragrant sweet-fern, and what gorgeous mountain kalmias! What a short and delightful ride was that down the road we had plodded so wearily over scarce a week before! Even Laurian was beautiful under the sunshine, nestled at foot of those lofty ranges. But I turned with a shudder from the contemplation of the "tarvern."

The train came—I was homeward bound. John met me at the depot in Jacksonsport, and riding by his side to the dear little farm-house where we were staying, I said we had "a splendid time," and Jane was to stay another week. Not until he reads this (and he always reads everything in the dear "Home,") will he know just how we went to Laurian.

SHELTERED.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

Ah me! 'tis a rainy night and drear,
With black clouds rushing past
Like routed armies, and, sharp and near,
The swift-pursuing blast.
Read no more from ghostly runes
Of murder, ruins and mold,
Such tales were made to shade the Junes,
Not darken the Autumn wold.

Come, give us stories with light and cheer,
With purple and gems ashine;
Those that warm the heart to hear,
And sparkle like rich old wine:
Songs of gladsome, Christmas times,
With holly and ivy bright;
Ring us none but joyful chimes
Down from the Past, to-night.

So, with darkness and storm forgot,
Speedeth the cheery eve;
All secure in our quiet cot,
Who for the rain will grieve?
Hark! was that the cry of a lamb,
Hungry, frightened and cold,
Shiv'ring and pitiful, seeking its dam?
I thought they were all in the fold!

God pity the wand'ers over earth,
From the wrathful storm who shrink,
And guide them all to some shelt'ring hearth!
But oh! it is bitter to think,
How, weary and faint, without fire or light,
Alone, in the rain and cold,
Some *loving heart* may be crying to-night,
That we thought was safe in the fold!

LITERARY WOMEN.

BY ZELIA.

"Take a magazine, indeed, Miss Gray?" said Mrs. Sharp, shaking out her silken duster with great energy, after removing some imaginary dust from the polished sideboard. "I thank you, I have no time for reading such trash, and my girls' heads are full enough of nonsense without putting any more into them. These literary women are getting to be the plague of society."

The notable housewife put away her duster in the convenient corner cupboard where it could be whisked out at a moment's notice, and took up a strip of cambric night-cap border, which she was elaborately hem-stitching.

"Girls are good for nothing to work now," she continued, "and all for this passion for reading that has come up. It wasn't so in my day. Thank fortune! I was brought up to keep house as it ought to be done," and she glanced around with great satisfaction on the spotless apartment, where a child dare hardly set his foot.

Now, Miss Gray's mother was one of those same despised readers, and the young lady rather resented the idea that her home was not fully as inviting as Mrs. Sharp's. Still, she answered, pleasantly—

"Reading has never hurt my mother, Mrs. Sharp; and I think she is as fond of it as any one in the place. It has never made our home one whit the less pleasanter."

"Your mother may be an exception, Charlotte, but I can tell you that I know homes of reading, scribbling mothers, where everything is in confusion, and where a cold dinner is the rule of the home. The children roam about in the most outlandish garments, never looking neat and tidy a moment of their blessed lives. Meanwhile the mother sits with uncombed hair, and her feet in an old pair of slippers, writing poetry for the papers." Mrs. Sharp's look of scorn would have withered half a score of literary women on the spot. But Charlotte only smiled, and said—

"Are you sure that these women would not have had just such homes if they had no taste for literature at all. I have known plenty of ignorant women whose homes were what you describe, who never read a book in their lives."

I went through a whole row of such homes, along by the new railroad, searching for Sunday-school scholars, and you could easily see that literature had never hurt them. Indeed, one could not but think that they would have been much better off for a little knowledge. It is my impression, with regard to those ladies who have been spoiled by books, that they would have been spoiled without them in some other way."

"Well, at least I shall take care that my girls are not spoiled in that way, if I can help it. There is too much to do in my house to find time for such foolery. Your mother can do as she likes."

"Certainly," said Charlotte. "Every one must judge for herself. My mother aims to make home the pleasanter spot on earth for her husband and children, and I am sure she succeeds. Some of the pleasantest memories of my childhood are the remembrance of my mother's voice reading little stories and nursery hymns to me. They come to me often when I am sad or wearied out, and cheer and encourage more than anything in this world. I shall always thank God for my mother's literary taste, and that she cared to make her home something more than a polished icicle. She aims to have everything about her home pure and neat, but endless scrubblings and taking up of carpets oftener than twice a year, she regards as useless and sinful. She feels that such a manner of spending time would call for the same rebuke which Jesus gave to Martha."

Miss Charlotte soon took her leave, but her words had disturbed the quiet of the other's spirit. The power of habit is wonderful, though. So, to make amends for her momentary weakness, she summoned her forces, and though it was but a week before Christmas, had every chamber carpet taken up, and the floors and wood work thoroughly scrubbed. Colds, and coughs, and general discomfort for weeks was the result, but these were regarded as trifling considerations compared with the great virtue of having the chambers cleaned at a time when no one else would have thought of such a thing.

DICKENS.

In trying to unravel one of Mr. Dickens's plots, we are always reminded of the Maze at Hampton Court; the clews which appear the most promising end in nothing, and we make a dozen false starts before we catch hold of the correct path. We fancy, for instance, that the adoption of Johnny and Sloppy is to lead to something important in the solution of the Boffin mystery; but Johnny dies before he can be brought home, and Sloppy only reappears in the last chapter, to aid in administering due castigation to Silas Wegg. Then, too, the hero and heroine of the "Mutual Friend" are of the usual cast-iron, or rather cast-wax stamp we are so used to in all Mr. Dickens's novels. M. Henri Taine, in his able critique on English novelists, says that he always feels inclined to address the excellent young men and amiable young women who play the lovers in Mr. Dickens's works as good little boys and girls. "Soyez sages, mes bons petits enfans," is the valedictory benediction he would bestow upon them. Ruth Pinch, Ada Jarndyce, Florence Dombey, Kate Nickleby, Little Dorrit, and the rest, are all twin sisters. Every now and then we have a heroine who begins by being a little wilful and proud, like Bella Wilfer, but she always ends by toning down into a perfect woman. So, in like manner, the heroes are always well-conducted, excellent young men, with the highest principles, and all the domestic virtues. And, somehow, Mr. Dickens himself seems aware of their essentially prosaic nature. He has created scores of characters which will live as long as the English literature of our time is read; but he has never thrown the whole power of his matchless genius on the delineation of a hero or heroine. "Vanity Fair," was called a novel without a hero; but Dickens's novels might, we think, be more truly called novels without heroes and without plots.

Then, also, since we are picking out faults, we may say that the artistic merit of Mr. Dickens's pictures is strangely injured by his passion for irrelevant discussions—a passion which has grown upon him in later years. When Thackeray stopped in the middle of his narrative to enter on some topic which took his fancy, we were almost sorry when the topic was dropped and the narrative resumed. But with Dickens the case is different. We may or may not agree with Mr. Dickens's views about Chancery suits and administrative reform; but, agreeing or disagreeing, we do not wish to have them forced upon us in the middle of a novel, like a dose of medicine in a spoonful of honey. Thus in "Our Mutual Friend" one of the most fanciful and brilliant passages is the protest against the modern Poor-law system, given through the narrative of old Betty, but it has no more to do with the story than with Captain Cook's voyages. Mr. Dickens would, perhaps, urge in reply, that a great moral lesson can be enforced better through the medium of a novel than of an elaborate Blue-book. We are quite willing to admit the plea in the interests of social progress, but not in those of art. As an earnest reformer, Mr. Dickens may be right in interlarding his novels with political and social discussions; as an artist, he is undoubtedly wrong.

In "Our Mutual Friend," all the peculiar merits and defects of the writer we all admire so much may be found in their full force and development. It is the fashion, amongst the class of critics in whose eyes popularity is the heaviest sin that can be laid to a writer's door, to say that Dickens has fallen off. Whether he has fallen off or not is a question of opinion, but it is certain that nobody has yet risen up to him. Let any candid reader try and picture to himself what a sensation "Our Mutual Friend" would have produced if it had been written by a new and unknown author. Is it only because we are so used to the marvellous creative power of the great English novelist that we have almost ceased to wonder at his creations. We have plenty of clever novel-writers at the present day, and Anthony Trollope, Bulwer, Miss Evans, Charles Reade, and a dozen others, might be named as novelists whose works will live after them; but what single writer is there amongst the lot who would have written the account of the Pool below the bridges, of little Johnny's death, of Bradley Headstone's death agony, or of the doll-dressmaker's "bad boy?"

A plain old clergyman was once applied to for advice. He was asked which of two sisters he had better pay his addresses to. One was very lovely in her disposition, but not a professor of religion. The other was a professing Christian, but very ill-tempered. "Marry the good-tempered one by all means," said the clergyman. "The spirit of God can live where you can't."

A STREET YARN.

BY CLARKE WILDFELLOW.

Penelope spun during Ulysses' absence; and ever since, her industrious sisters have performed the tedious task of converting into yarn the cotton, wool or flax provided for them. In their own houses, and in the manufactories, have they wrought, till at last the busy creatures have come to spinning "wordy fabrics" in the streets.

I should not be willing to invade the province of my working sisters if they did not sometimes invade mine; and, to punish them for it, I now propose to present the rare spectacle of a man spinning a "Street Yarn." But to make amends for the intrusion, I will promise you, reader, every thread, and rely upon the truth and earnestness of my story to dignify my new calling. If I neglect art and agriculture to take up the distaff, I hope some one will be amused and instructed by my performance; and if one loving heart approves, or one suffering soul applauds, I shall be richly rewarded for my labor. There is material enough everywhere, if a man will but use his ears and eyes; and if I collected mine in the highways, it is only what any other man might have done had he been present.

One of my clients desired me to spend a few days in riding about the country with him, in order to get evidence against some lawless fellows who had been infringing on his patent "Mower and Reaper Combined." Of the particular merits of the case, or of my professional services, I do not propose to speak. I will only say that this labor-saving machine, which has now become almost indispensable to farmers, had been copied and slightly altered by some shrewd mechanics, who were not disposed to regard the proper rights of the inventor.

My client proved to be an agreeable companion. The first day we talked politics, and quarrelled after the manner of men who disagree on this fruitful topic. I spent the forenoon in trying to convert him to my peculiar views, and he spent the afternoon in trying to convince me of the correctness of his own opinions. But when evening came, he was a Republican and I a Democrat still. At night we stopped with a frosty old farmer, who gave our bodies protection from the chill night air, while he exposed our souls to the blighting

influence of his penurious, selfish disposition. Of such men the beggars never ask "cold victuals" or shelter for the night; and from such men little children skulk, and dogs run away. I believe that his life was as gray as his hair, his soul as shrivelled as his body, his heart as furrowed as his brow, and his affections as withered as his youth. So we were glad to leave him, to get out of his atmosphere, and to turn our backs on his surroundings.

The second day we discussed creeds and religions, and each defended his faith with all the power and skill of which he was master; but when the conversation ended, he was a Unitarian and I a Churchman yet.

The second evening found us in a *one horse* country village tavern. A little pimple on the face of the earth this place seemed to be; but a very necessary evil withal, for there the loafers could congregate, daily papers could be procured, dry goods and groceries could be purchased, and the inhabitants could have all of the evils of a city with a few of the benefits.

The third day we were very literary, and discoursed gravely and learnedly of art and science, talked of the books we had perused, and discussed our own experiments and experiences. I have no doubt that much light and knowledge was the result of all this.

Towards evening the lowering skies and dead stillness of the air admonished us that we had better seek shelter somewhere before the usual time. We soon came to a house, and the threatening clouds and gathering lightnings left us no alternative by this time. The outside of the domicile which we contemplated invading did not promise much, consequently we could not be much disappointed if we found the interior uninviting. I went directly to the house, while my companion remained behind to look after his horse. An elderly woman, with very white hair and very black eyes, made her appearance, and promised to prepare our supper and lodge us, when I had made known our wants and necessities.

I returned to the barn to communicate my success to my client, and there we remained till it was quite dark, thinking it more agreeable than in the hut. In the meantime the storm had increased in fury, and we had rea-

son to be thankful that we were as comfortably situated as we were.

At last we began to feel the need of our regular bread and butter, and proceeded to our inn. I went in first; but my companion, who was just behind me, started with surprise, and paused on the threshold to whisper to me that we had come into the den of a she wolf.

"I had some acquaintance with this woman once," he added, "and it is strange that she appears to me here, when I thought her so many miles away."

The woman came forward, and recognized my client immediately. She returned his steady gaze with a malicious stare, and I thought each seemed much annoyed by the other's presence. We ate our meal in silence, and retired early. A young man, who closely resembled the woman, was her only companion. We rose early and departed; and when we came to a nice house, with a clean yard, which seemed to say to the traveller "come in here," we went in and got breakfast.

All the morning my client was moody, and I felt that the encounter of the previous evening had something to do with his depressed spirits. When we were again on the road, I told him that, as we had quarrelled till we were tired, and agreed till we were tired of that, I thought he had better spend the day in telling me what he knew of the woman with whom we had spent the preceding night.

"I know men are contrary animals," he answered, "and disagree sometimes to hear themselves talk; but if I tell you that woman's story, I shall be obliged to show you my own life, and speak of the influences which have made me what I am."

"Tell me your story, then," I exclaimed. "I am eager to hear it."

"You shall have it if you wish," he replied, and went on: "I am glad to tell it to some one, for I do not expect to tarry long. But death is only a matter of time, and I have lived so much and suffered so much that I do not fear his summons, but feel as if his coming would release me from the toils and cares which have disturbed me here. A fever which baffles the physician's skill burns within me; a thirst which water cannot quench torments me; a tumult which sympathy cannot soothe is in my breast; and a pain which magnetic fingers cannot ease is in my head. Life seems terribly earnest now when I am nearly played out; but for long years events seemed like some farce acting before me, and I regarded with indifference the changes in the scenes. I wondered

and doubted most of all the lookers-on, while the tragedies and comedies of life were enacted before me. I have peculiarities of temperament which are constitutional. Men call me visionary and morbid, but they know nothing of the stern discipline and intense life which may have made me what they call me.

"I will go back to my infancy and childhood, my morning twilight, and try to give you some idea of things as they appeared when the mists were cleared away. Forty-five years ago I was a helpless infant in my mother's arms, and received from her a briny baptism, because I might never know the protecting love which kind fathers give their children. My mourning parent did not mean that I should ever have cause to feel my loss. She made me her companion, confidant, and friend. No threats or commands ever passed her lips; but kindness and encouragement were freely given. I could not have worn out that woman's love if I had tried. No uncertain moods or petty tyrannies soured my temper. Thus, in some respects, my childhood was passed under most favorable circumstances. Only wholesome restraints, reproofs and warnings were wanting; and for the need of these I grew fearless, wilful, and self-conscious.

"At length the 'Angel of Death' called at our dwelling a second time, and when he went away I was alone in the world. Alone! how much misery there is in that word. I partly felt it then, but I feel it more now. Alone in the world! and unsuspecting enough to be the dupe of any designing man or woman; and so hopeful, that it is not strange that I am going down to my grave a disappointed man. The ghosts of these dead friends, and loves, and hopes, appeared to me last night, walking about in the dim light, till the earth was black with their shadows as they came and went; a mournful procession of corpses, in their shrouds and chin-cloths, who will not stay in their graves. One glance at that hateful face, and one look into those wicked eyes, was enough to start the smouldering fires. The ashes were all raked open, and the live coals glowed and burned as fiercely as ever. I have lived it all over again within the last twenty-four hours. Leaving a child alone is like turning him out of doors naked to endure the dampness and darkness of night. But I came up in spite of cold receptions, treacherous comrades, and evil influences. Yet I was always hungry for love—*so hungry*.

"It was during this period in my history that I first saw the creature who lodged us last

night. Her husband was living then, and a perfect pair they were, of their kind. The lowest specimens of humanity are easily enough mated, you know, and it is not at all strange that this Jack found his Gill; and that they two lived together to serve their master, according to their ability.

They had a son and daughter who formed another pair, and did great credit to their parents, in following the example and instruction which they had received. The weakness and vice of both parents were combined in their offspring. But the most glaring faults were concealed, till I had taken my fatal step.

"It was the bite of the she-adder which poisoned me past cure. My story really commences here, just where another man's would leave off. But I must go on and finish this record of my wretched life, that I may leave no work half done; but may be found ready and waiting for a new task when one presents itself; or better still, for a rest from toil and care, forever. People sell themselves cheap for love, or its counterfeit, when they are hungry for it; so when this man and woman pretended to care for me, I believed in their friendship, and doubted not but they were all they seemed to be. They courted me, and married me to their daughter. I do not say that the girl was actively engaged in the plot; but passively, I am sure she was.

"It was not many months ere I awoke to a sense of the importance of the step I had taken, and fully realized my folly and precipitation. The horns and hoofs of the beast were visible. The scales dropped from my eyes, and I discovered the hollowness of the family with whom I was connected. Alas! Why do we ever wake to consciousness when it is too late? Why do we ever find out that we are living on husks, when we have nothing else to eat? I saw men and women wild with joy, and mad with hate, without one spark of sympathy with either; and was an indifferent spectator to all that passed about me. Whenever I looked upon the stage to watch the play, it was only to analyze the motives that moved the players; to sneer at their simplicity, and smile at their hypocrisy. Always with them, but not of them; near them in body, an immeasurable distance from them in spirit. But I did not wholly lose my faith in mankind while this period of indifference lasted. I grew strong, while the love of women and the hate of men had no power to move me. Envy, calumny, and adversity did not bend my proud head, or subdue my rebellious heart at once. The more furious the gale, the less I was disposed to yield. I had not learned one of Life's most

moment. Yes, to know that there is a great wrong somewhere, which it is past your skill or power to remedy; it is hard enough to bear all this; bitter enough to feel all of these things; and sad enough to know that there is no help for it. But while there is sin in the world, there will be suffering, and it is through distress and sorrow, well borne, that men become polished and refined. There has been a 'dark age' in my history, and I grieved, and moaned, and complained, my way through it, till I found peace, and came to understand it all in good time. I had to become blinded to the sights and pleasures of the world, in order to sing my songs of joy, and rejoice in a light within.

"I have read somewhere that the notes of a blinded bird are sweetest; and if this be true, my singing must have been acceptable to Him who had made the outward world a blank to me. While the natural eye grew dim, the spiritual eye grew clear; and one loss, like most losses, was a gain in some other direction. I removed my family from these vile associations; but the trail of the serpent was over us all. It was the little hands which were held out to me; and the baby voices that called to me; that moved me most powerfully; and for them I would gladly have made any sacrifice. They had no guide but me, and I was not fit to be their guide. I bought books and read and studied in those dark days, vainly hoping to find the peace I wanted, in them. There was food enough for the mind, but heart and soul were starving all the time. There were empty rooms into which even the children never came. Then I turned philosopher, and thought and reasoned till I was drifted far out upon an ocean of doubts and perplexities.

important lessons—the lesson of bending before the storm. It is a sad spectacle to see a man fighting circumstances. Nature herself says *bend*, not *break*, and gives us a beautiful example when powerful trees and slender grasses acknowledge the ‘Storm King’s’ power.

“I thought I could work out my own destiny, and control my own feelings; while I marked the fears and turmoils which agitated other men. And when I remembered the comparative insignificance of our pursuits and enjoyments, I was tempted to attach too little importance to all action. And, during all these years we were growing apart, this woman who was killing me by her presence, and myself. The more I knew of the sacredness of such a relation, the more I disliked her who had come between me and the enjoyment of such pure happiness. I tried to be kind and considerate, but alas! I fear I had little patience with her faults. I strove with all my might to do my duty, but duty is very cruel when no love goes with it. The skunk conquers the lion, and the people whom we most heartily hate and despise can torment us past endurance. Thus, when these miserable creatures saw how matters stood between me and their daughter, how I had grown away from them all; when they saw that I was no longer a boy to be fooled, but a man to be feared, they vowed eternal vengeance. They attacked my reputation, and spider-like, wove their ‘subtle web’ of slanders and inventions all about me. They *stung* me to life again; they *made* me feel; and they woke all that was evil in my nature. I look back upon that crisis in my soul’s history and wonder that that terrible struggle with myself did not make me insane.

“But I came to regard my persecutors kindly and charitably at last, and wished that I might do them good. There are battles which no one sees; there are battle-fields which no one points out; and there are victories of which no one hears. God alone witnesses the most fearful contests. Great trials never leave men just as it finds them; they are either very much better or very much worse for the waves of sin and sorrow which pass over them; and if they come to the surface without any outward trace of what has happened to them, there are surely scars which are concealed. “But I promised to tell you that woman’s noisy mirth and clamorous grief had driven me within myself; but I did not expect to be led in a way which I knew not. When I began to look up I felt that I was not so wise or powerful as I had supposed myself, and I trusted more and labored less, I praised more

and doubted less. My strength and confidence seemed foolishness, and my failures and disasters the discipline I needed to bring me to my place. I thought to oppose myself to a power that was mightier than I; but it is folly for a man to mark out a course and declare that he will follow his own plans. We may proclaim what we will do to-morrow, but when to-morrow comes the outside pressure is too strong for us, and we do not as we planned but as one wiser than ourselves has planned for us. I took such care of myself that it never occurred to me that it might be better to let God take some care of me. I had a sore which irritated and hurt me more than I was willing to acknowledge; I had a thorn in the flesh which made me long for the rest and peace of a future state; I had a living affliction which made me humble and patient in this life. These things have made me sober and earnest, and in putting away my own work and taking up God’s work I have experienced too great a change to ever live a surface-life and be content again.

“You may think that I should have labored to reform this family, so nearly related to my own; but like any other pioneer in a good cause, I should have been rewarded with kicks and bruises for my interest and zeal. I cannot carry the world upon my shoulders. If my example is worth anything they have had it: my precepts they would never heed.

“I have ceased to complain. If a man gets a bad wife it does not follow that he should be disgusted with marriage, and attribute all the discords and contrarieties of life to this cause. If another man find out that there are hypocrites in his church he has no right to claim that there is no reality in religion and no sincerity in professions. And if another man is deceived by some smooth rascal whom he has trusted entirely, it is wrong for him to affirm that there is no more truth, goodness, or virtue in the world; that all men are liars, knaves, and thieves, or would be if they had the opportunity. These dissatisfied brothers have a hard time, but they cannot set right what every one else has set wrong. It is of no use to ‘build straight houses for crooked folks to live in.’

“But I promised to tell you that woman’s story when I commenced, and here I have told you my own. Perhaps it is better that I should not speak of her. Dishonest, treacherous and base she has been to me, and if I have sometimes spoken harshly of her in my haste, I am sorry, for I do not mean to be unjust.

Some people seem to be sent into the world for the express purpose of doing all the dirty work, and in doing it, I suppose they perform their mission. At least one family did a work for me which never would have been done at all if it had not been for them."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

From the appreciating mind flowers receive something more cordial than mere admiration. They win a tribute that differs but little from the love that is bestowed upon animals, conscious objects. The tender-hearted lady, bending over a border and gazing upon her charming favorite, feels a sweet and sacred emotion, nearly akin to that which wells up in the heart when eye meets eye in fondest affection. It involves a heart-offering such as is lavished upon the holy innocence of lovely infancy. In this is indicated a part of the eloquent language of flowers. It is a language that cannot be translated into words. It is the mystic song that only innocent beauty from the hand of God chants to the soul that is attuned to nature's harmonies. Indeed, there are few characters so destitute of sensibility as to pause and contemplate even a modest little snowdrop or lily of the valley without according it the meed of kindly interest. I know an eccentric lady, deficient in most of the amiable traits that adorn the female character, possessed of tastes and habits more uncouth and repellent than are ordinarily found in the ruder classes of the other sex, fond of politics, full of prejudices, notorious for contention and feuds, and nearly always involved in public litigation, who having quietly cultivated some flowers in her earlier days, contracted such a passion for them that in her riper years she nursed them as if they were her children, and gave them a devotion so beautiful and fervent as to render her character quite an astonishment in its contrariety. The flowers in their noiseless appeal gained a response from a gentleness which louder tongues had called to in vain.

A distinguished traveller tells us that while penetrating a wild, dreary desert in Africa he discovered an elegant flower, shedding a rich fragrance around, actually defended from all the animals that might have destroyed it by the respect which its remarkable beauty and perfume inspired.

Flowers breathe their spell upon the *rudest* and the *purest*. There was some one who loved them and loved even the callous-hearted Nero, for in a secret hour a bouquet was cast

upon his execrated grave; and on the contrary the more refined and exalted the sensibilities, the more ardent the homage that is paid to their benignant charms.

In further analyzing their language we cannot fail to mention their hallowed utterances respecting the love and mercy of our Heavenly Father. He does not bid them bloom so exuberantly and so ubiquitous because they are essential to the accomplishment of the toilsome labors and arduous enterprises of life. They bear a relation to objects of sterner utility similar to that which the Sabbath of repose bears to the week-days of bustle and strife. They are God's precious Sabbath-gifts to the soul. They speak to us of Eden—the home of *their* first parents as well as *ours*. They are the fallen descendants of those untainted, thornless flowers that regaled the senses and enchained the vision of our happy parents in that peaceful, blessed home.

They are prophets that proclaim to all people in every land in every age the glorious doctrine of the Resurrection. Nipped by the frost, chilled by the cold, unfriendly air of winter, plucked by the hand, trampled and crushed beneath the tread, or drooping and dying of age in their garden or forest home, they await the genial air and sunshine of the spring-time to rise from their bed of decay and assume their fair, radiant drapery again. In this they are impressive teachers, signal exemplars to us. They tell us that though worn by disease or misfortune, though slain by accident or violence, though doomed to linger in painful decay for a few short years and then lie down in the tomb, still there is a spring-time awaiting us beyond the winter of this life—beyond the winter of the grave—the unending spring-time of the year of the immortal, whose flowers bloom perennial, whose air is the aroma of Heaven, whose songs are perfect melody, whose life is ever Love.

Let us serve the God who made the flowers of earth, and we shall dwell in that land of eternal spring.

THE RIGHT ROAD.—"It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth," said Lord Erskine, "always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I have always followed it, and I have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children."

SYMPATHY.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

A few days since I accompanied some friends in a call upon a lady but recently widowed. As her loss was spoken of, one of them remarked—"How much you must miss him!" Never shall I forget the touching reply, in accents which linger with me yet—"I miss him everywhere!" Poor, lonely, sorrowing heart! How one longed to lighten its burden.

So this morning, as I took the hand of another widowed one whose husband yet lay unburied, and saw the weary, saddened look and tearful eye, listening to the broken voice, meanwhile, as it spoke of her great loss, how my heart yearned to express to her my sympathy. Yet words came not at the bidding. The power of utterance seemed gone.

And it is often thus. When one's feelings are deepest and strongest, fewest words come in which to embody them. But are these needed? Is not the silent pressure of the hand, the tears that will force their way, choking the voice, sufficient? Are they not often more than words? And no one whose heart has been made desolate by the presence of death or a worse sorrow, can fail to appreciate this quiet, silent expression of sympathy. It is better than words then. For the heart may be so crushed, so broken, that all offering of sympathy in the ordinary way seems but mockery. True, time softens this first anguish, and then words of comfort do their work. And blessed is he who knows how to speak them aright.

There are some persons who seem especially gifted to carry healing with their very presence. Whether it be in word or in silence, a soothing influence goes out from them. If we look for the cause of this, we shall always find that the power lies with those who have themselves deeply suffered. They have learned how to minister to other hearts through sorrows of their own. This is always true. For

"Those best can heal who have been bruised oft."

So, even while we accept their sympathy, and are soothed and comforted thereby, our hearts in turn go out to them, laden with the same incense. Often, when we fully realize this, our own griefs are narrowed and lessened through sympathy with theirs. And this is one of the best methods of imparting comfort

to others—that we take them out of themselves. One may not say that he has suffered. He may not tell whence his power is derived. The nature that is at all susceptible instinctively knows. It can come in no other way.

Hearts thus made ministers to others through sufferings of their own, have indeed a holy mission to perform—a tender and delicate work to do. Let them see to it that they keep their currents pure; for oftentimes they come between us and the Father. That is, when one is bruised and broken with grief till his very heart is almost dead within him, and God seems afar off—too far to come down to him in his lowly and terrible needs—he can be touched and soothed with human sympathy as with none that is divine. That is too far above him. Only something human like himself, with its touch, its voice, and tear-filled eye, can meet and help him in his sorest need—can, as it were, make a ladder on which he can ascend to the higher and more enduring help which cometh from above.

There are times in the lives of many, dark spots in their weary, lonely ways, when they would sink down and die but for human sympathy fitly and feelingly offered. Some there are, doubtless, stronger, braver, more self-reliant, either naturally or through the force of education, who can do without it—or who can seem to do without it—whose souls, perhaps, can find their needed help from God direct. One cannot but think, though, that something is lost to them—that some violence has somewhere been done. A kind of isolation enwraps them. They lose the softening, educating tenderness that comes from a closer contact with human hearts. Or, if so constituted that they can impart sympathy where they cannot receive it, deeper loneliness must still be theirs. God, indeed, may be their stay. They may go higher and be nearer to Him, perhaps; but even this height implies the deepest isolation, and our hearts ache to help them still.

God made us social beings. He meant that we should help one another. And in any way we are separated from our kind, even in the least degree, some wrong is done. Through love of the human we can best attain to that of the Divine. We can best and most truly un-

derstand it. This left out, we shall always be incomplete and but half developed. As one dying in infancy, it may be, loses and must always miss the discipline of our earthly life, so must we, shut away from humanity, always feel, both here and hereafter, a want which that alone could have supplied.

So, while we cultivate the Divine love, let us never forget or overlook the human. These deep longings and yearnings for earthly companionship were not given to us in vain. They mean something. And if not fully answered here, as indeed they seldom or never are, they have their mission still. Through them we come nearer to the Lord, more at one with Him, and into harmony with ourselves. Hereafter, when all hindrances shall be removed,

and we see as we are seen, and know as we are known, the union may be complete. The deep, inexpressible longings and yearnings for love and sympathy which we have had may be answered.

Let us be patient, then, and cheerful and hopeful as well; for in the wise exercise of these virtues here, shall be our best and truest preparation for the hereafter.

"Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease?"

Aye, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace;

And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway lies,

By the beauty and the grief alike we are training for the skies."

BREAKFAST-TABLE DISCUSSION IN THE RECTOR'S FAMILY.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"What next!"

Gustave tossed aside the morning paper with an expression of disgust, and passed up his cup for fresh coffee.

"What now?" mildly inquired Aunt Sabrina, as she poured out and tendered to him the smoking beverage.

"Miss —— is to lecture here. Wednesday evening."

"Excellent!" cried Helena. "I have been wishing so much to hear her."

"Indeed! Will you attend?" asked her cousin, with a severe glance at the young lady's sparkling face.

"Of course. Will not you?"

"No!"

"And why?"

"If a woman does not know her proper place she should be taught it," he replied, with increasing severity.

"Why, certainly. So Mr. Gustave Walraven, able critic, distinguished reviewer, and ordained instructor of women, proposes to utterly overwhelm, put to confusion, and very possibly annihilate poor Miss ——, by absolutely refusing to listen to her pretty oration to-morrow evening."

"Mr. G. W., with none of the qualifications that you name, would manifest his regard for all true and right-minded women by discountenancing those whose deportment tends to cast obloquy and reproach upon them. If such of your misguided and mistaken sisters, who seek

notoriety as an antidote for heart disappointments, could know that the crowds that they harangue are drawn together out of mere idle curiosity and not from any respect or reverence for their opinions, there would be few, I think, willing to throw off the restrictions of their sex, and assume rights and privileges for which nature has not qualified them."

"That speech exhibits some of the weak points in the masculine character in a very strong light," replied Helena. "Firstly, you draw the miserable inference that a woman must needs have been 'disappointed in love,' as the saying is, before she can dare to brave the ridicule of men sufficiently to entertain and publicly express an independent opinion. Secondly, you confess to the motive of 'idle curiosity,' which, since the fall of Eve, has been reckoned a feminine weakness. Thirdly, you represent yourself and brethren as so opinionated that you cannot or will not listen coolly and impartially to the arguments of those who presume to differ from you, but, with that little mean spirit which all liberal minded persons must despise, stand ready to disprove and denounce a principle before you have heard it fairly stated. Fourthly, you foolishly and conceitedly suppose that if those 'misguided and mistaken sisters,' who have the temerity to defy your opinions, could know the low estimation in which they are held by the masculine element, they would retire in confusion from their antagonistic position, and

labor assiduously to cultivate qualities pleasing in your eyes; as if, forsooth! the esteem and admiration of men were woman's highest reward, to gain which she would sacrifice her own self-respect, and set aside her own convictions of duty as things of minor consideration, not daring to give utterance to an adverse opinion lest she should be thought 'unfeminine' and 'strong-minded.' "

"No woman of refined and well-balanced mind can have any 'convictions of duty' which shall lead her away from her own proper sphere of quiet usefulness and home influence," dogmatically asserted Walraven Jr.

"My excellent kinsman, there are always exceptions to the best of rules. Suppose your 'woman of refined and well-balanced mind' have no 'home' in which to exert her 'influences?' The whole wide earth her hearthstone, the vast blue heaven her only roof, the curse which fell upon Adam her sole heritage, by the sweat of her brow and the toil of her hands compelled to compass the means of living! In what 'sphere of quiet usefulness' shall she do it? In what 'unobtrusive' way can she observe the first law of nature, and avoid offending the fastidious taste of her critical brother? If she has a talent for any one of the few vocations open to her, and if she can succeed in finding a vacancy therein, she may continue to subsist from week to week on such wages as are deemed sufficient for her, without regard to the real worth or amount of labor that she performs, but she cannot hope by her single effort to do more than to provide for present necessities, living strictly up to the scriptural injunction to take no thought for the morrow. It appears to be tacitly understood that she is to procure a home by marriage—that the chief end and aim of her life is to get a husband—that her highest duty is to make herself pretty and agreeable; to practice mild, soft, inoffensive ways, and to display always in the presence of the other sex a sweetness and amiability of disposition, to the end that she may become the beloved Esther of some king Ahasuerus, who doesn't admire the naughtiness and spirit of the Vashti type of women. There are some things not becoming for her to do; they are unladylike, and do not pertain to her 'true sphere;' but she may go fishing with perfect propriety. 'There are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught,' is an adage impressed upon her mind with as much care as anything promised by her sponsors in baptism. Husband-catching seems by common consent to be reckoned her

only legitimate employment, and one to which she must make all others subservient.

"My dear Lena, will you permit me to get in a word edgewise?" interrupted the rector, with a gesture of comic distress.

"Twenty if you like, uncle, which is granting a great deal, seeing that the exclusive use of language is woman's prerogative by nature," quoth Lena, with twinkling eyes.

"And one of which she fully avails herself," growled Gustave, *sotto voce*.

"The question of capacity can only be satisfactorily settled by experiment," began the rector, with the air of one who holds in reserve some argument by which he expects to overwhelm his opponent.

"Very true," assented his niece.

"And if women are competent to fill certain offices to which they aspire, they will prove their ability when the opportunity is offered them," he continued.

"Most certainly," acquiesced Helena.

A dead silence preceded the question put in the rector's most impressive tones—

"Have they done so?"

"Opportunities have not been general enough to allow me to speak from personal observation or experience," answered Helena, "but I am nevertheless confident, for, as Longfellow says, 'we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing.'"

"While," as he wisely adds, 'others judge us by what we have already done,' " pursued the rector. "Now, facts are against you, my dear. That women are not fitted for such positions as they have recently attempted to fill is sufficiently proved by the experiment. Our lady physicians are mere charlatans, of whose pretended skill no sane person ever makes a second trial; our lady lecturers are flashy, flowery, verbose, but shallow and illogical, their arguments appealing solely to our sympathies, never to our reason; our lady clerks are careless, volatile, coquettish, more solicitous about the becoming arrangement of their head-dresses than the proper keeping of their ledgers, in a variety of ways manifesting their preference for that 'legitimate employment' which you just now so scornfully named, to the uncongenial duties of their professional calling. Even our lady writers, of whom we have a superabundance, are undeniably superficial, treating the subjects which they take up either in an insipid, impotent manner, or in a dashing, breezy, hop-skip-and-jump fashion, more amusing than instructive, never going down to the heart of a matter, never

giving any evidence of concentrated thought or study, never meeting any question fairly, but always getting around it by some artful feminine dodge, captivating, perhaps, but not convincing; racy, sparkling, frothy, never profound. With a few notable, but I cannot say praiseworthy exceptions, that serve as a deceitful lure to all the rest, women have signally failed to prove their capacity for usefulness in any sphere outside of that manifestly prescribed by the wise Creator. They have not sufficient stability and strength of purpose to win success in any of the arduous and responsible callings in which the sterner sex engage, nor the patience, determined energy, and the power of concentrating every faculty of the mind on one object requisite to the accomplishment of any really worthy and enduring intellectual work."

"Perhaps you expect me, dear uncle, to deny your charges *in toto*, and to bring all my forces to the field in violent endeavor to disprove your assertions. I shall do nothing of the sort. I suppose you to be a man of justice, probity and truth, who would not knowingly falsify nor in any manner misrepresent a matter, carefully and deliberately weighing every sentence that you utter, and sure beyond a doubt that you make no misstatement of facts. I assume, therefore, that you have not spoken unadvisedly, but that you do know that whereof you testify, and I take it for granted (because you say it) that women as a class 'have no capacity for usefulness outside the sphere prescribed by the wise Creator,' (or supposed by men to be so 'prescribed' because agreeing with their views) which 'sphere' embraces as leading duties the minding of house affairs and the rearing of children. But now do not those 'few notable exceptions,' which you are so magnanimous as to name, prove that the alleged, or real incapacity of the others is not owing to the fact that they are women? May not the incompetency of those who have offered themselves as servants to the public, and are said, very likely with truth, to have failed in the satisfactory discharge of their duties, be attributable to a defective training for those duties? Can old customs, habits of thought, beliefs in which one has been nurtured from childhood, and deep-seated prejudices handed down from generation to generation be at once overcome? and is it possible and to be expected that one will grow immediately accustomed to the novelty of a strange position, and glide so easily and naturally into the practice of a new

employment as to fulfil all its requirements at the onset with the facility and expertness of a veteran in the profession? Is there any class of *men*, circumscribed in thought and action from time immemorial, and isolated in their interests from another class by whose laws they are governed, and with whose affairs they have been educated to think it an impropriety, if not an absolute sin to intermeddle, who, if these long imposed restrictions were to be partially removed, and they were permitted to come into the enjoyment of some hitherto forbidden privileges, would prove themselves as thoroughly efficient in their new sphere of labor as if they, and generations before them, had been trained for it, untroubled by any scruples about 'propriety' or 'rights'? And are there not men in every profession who evince an undeniable incapacity for their work, equalling if not passing that of women who have undertaken to fill similar positions, and do you criticize in the one case as unmercifully as you do in the other, and do you regard the failure of these, your brethren, as proofs of the general incapacity of your sex?"

"It is of no use to argue, niece Helena," said the rector, a little impatiently it must be confessed. "Even if you were to succeed in persuading me that women have the ability to make laws for the government of nations, you could never convince me that it is their business to do it."

"Reverend sir, I should suspect you of 'dodging the question' if it were not so weak and womanish a thing. Now I think it the 'business' of every human being to do what he or she really feels best fitted to do, and the business of *no* human being to say to another, this is not your appointed work; lo here, or lo there, is your proper field of labor."

"My dear girl," murmured young Walraven, in his blandest tone and most impressive manner, seeming somewhat ashamed of his late ill-humor, and anxious to atone for it by one of those gallant speeches on which he prided himself, "My dear girl, I would like you to believe that it is not because we men, as a rule, doubt the mental capacity of women that we object to their taking an active part in the weightier affairs of life, but because all that is best in us protests against it as something not divinely ordered, and we feel that we who have roughness and strength ought to bear the heavy burdens, and, so far as we may, shield you creatures of finer mould from all care and responsibility. Purity, tenderness,

gentleness, modesty, and sweetness of temper are qualities inseparable from our ideas of the true woman; and we rude fellows know that she cannot share our rough-and-tumble contest with the world without blunting her exquisite sensibilities, and losing somewhat the finer flavor of those sweetnesses which are her chiefest charm, and wherein lies the secret of her influence over us. Moreover, if she fulfils faithfully her duties as daughter, wife and mother, she cannot give her whole soul to any other work as she needs to do if she accomplishes anything worthy of commendation. It is impossible to serve two masters, you know. And this is why we do not like intellectual women, and women of genius. 'He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the charge of that eminence,' says Emerson. 'With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun the sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves, admires and covets? he must cast behind him their admiration and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a by-word and a hissing.' Thus genius must ever prove a curse to woman, separating her from human sympathies, and depriving her of the loves and friendships for which her heart, if it be a true, womanly one, will always be hungrily yearning. If she be true to her gift, she must hold her domestic relations as a secondary matter; she must turn her face from father and mother, and husband and child, and—to sum up the whole in the fewest possible words—cease to be a woman in all that we love, admire and reverence as such."

"I do not deny that such a necessity exists, but I doubt it, Cousin Gustave. It does not appear to me that 'genius' absolves its possessor, man or woman, from one of the common duties of life, but rather that it increases every human obligation two, four, or tenfold, according to the manner of the gift. The more given, the more required. And the interests of truth were never severed by neglect of the interests of love. But suppose your view of the case a correct one; then, upon the same grounds that you condemn 'intellectual women,' you may condemn another and a much larger class. How many wives, mothers, and daughters are there of your acquaintance, who utterly disregard their duties as such,

sacrificing the peace and comfort of home to the mere frivolous ends of fashionable life? They do not argue their right to share your labor, care and responsibility. They do not clamor for work and wages that shall lift them above dependence, and the necessity of marrying 'for a home.' They are not ambitious to compete with you in the walks of Science, Art, or Letters. All the 'rights' they ask are, first, free access to the pockets of their fathers, brothers or husbands; second, the admiration of all men; third, the envy of all women; fourth, exemption from 'duty,' that dreadful bugbear with which uncomfortably pious people try to fright poor innocent folk who want a little enjoyment, and the height of their ambition is to outreach and outshine their neighbors in all that money can procure. They do not meddle with affairs not pertaining to their 'sphere'; they do not 'talk politics,' which is masculine and unbecoming, but *scandal*, which is eminently graceful and befitting; yet, in their domestic relations these lovers of sloth and ease are not more faithful than the 'strong-minded' woman is represented to be, with the difference that they have not even the plea of public good to urge in behalf of their neglect of private duties. Prythee, tell me most wise judge, which of these two classes is the robber."

"Neither are types of true womanhood."

"Subterfuge, dear sir. Perhaps I know that well enough."

"Well, then, if compelled to choose a wife from either class, I would turn to the frivolous, for I should hope to have some influence there; but your independent, self-willed woman, with the idea that she has a 'mission' to fulfil—Heavens! she will go her own way in defiance of human law and Bible prohibition."

"Spoken like a man. You want some tender, affectionate soul who will defer sweetly to all your opinions, listen entranced to your words of wisdom, look up in your face with adoring eyes, and murmur with the submissive grace of Milton's Eve—

'My Author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey.'

Well, the words are not difficult to utter—they are the natural language of the loving woman's heart—only—don't you see?—the trouble is there are so few men worthy to be addressed in that manner. We are not wanting in the quality of reverence, but in objects to reverence. Aunt Sabrina, I give you leave to speak."

"What to say?" questioned the quiet lady, with a smile.

"What you think and believe. We are making a clean confession of faith."

"Then I think that, like disputants in general, you have spoken little wisdom and much folly, each considering how the other's argument may be refuted, and not whether it be true; and I believe that all such discussions, whether grave or trifling, like yours this morning, are a sheer waste of time and breath, for no question was ever yet settled by debate—no truth ever established by mere words. I think that if instinct does not teach a woman her 'proper sphere,' no amount of reasoning will ever do so; and I believe in granting to every individual, man and woman, of whatever race or class, the fullest liberty and widest opportunity to do and be all that, with the broadest cultivation and freest exercise of every God-given power each is capable of doing and being; for it is poor economy, look at it from what point of view we will, to allow the least faculty of any member of the human family to lie dormant, when there exists such necessity in the ever-widening fields of labor for all to be alert and active; and while that servant to whom ten talents are intrusted works nobly in his higher sphere of usefulness, he should be careful to throw no impediment in the way of his less royally endowed fellow, but rather, out of his largess of power, render assistance where it is needed, that no single talent, for want of encouragement, and for weakness and shame, be buried in the earth or hidden in a napkin. I think those women who, by violent phillipics and loud-voiced protestations against the injustice and tyranny of man, seek to extend their privileges, do injury to their cause, and draw reproach upon themselves; and I long to say to them—'Good sisters, speak your words of soberness and truth. But for dignity's sake let us have no more clamoring, no more appealing, no more ranting—above all, no more whining about your "rights." If the truth abide with you, speak it fearlessly, and whatsoever honest work your hand can find to do, do it with your might. And the Lord be with you and reward you.' I think this petty strife between the sexes, this assertion of superiority upon one side and indignant denial on the other, this labored effort to prove and disprove an equality in all things, partakes too much of the nature of a juvenile quarrel, for earnest men and women to engage in; and I believe that in a true state of society there can be no such question, but in

every relation of life each recognizes and relies upon the support of the other, for their interests are never dis severed, and both work together, though in diverse ways, in every grand and noble enterprise for the promotion of the general good. I believe that the law of subjection, laid upon woman because of her transgression—'Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee'—is done away in Christ as fully as are the other evil fruits of that transgression for those who in humble faith accept the means of restoration to purity and innocence, following in the path made glorious by His footsteps; and that all the obedience that the wife owes to the husband, under the Christian law, is that which flows spontaneously from love and reverence; and all the ground upon which the husband can lay claims to such obedience is a life in conformity with the teachings of Him who alone is our Master—even Christ. And now," added the lady, rising from the table, "having thus frankly and fully expressed my views, I decline to utter a single word in defence of them, or to waste one precious moment of my morning in controversy, for I consider the fulfilment of my duties of infinitely greater importance than the vindication of my beliefs."

A HOME OF TASTE.—"Every good picture," says Sidney Smith, "is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty. Let beauty be on the paper on your walls. It is as easy to choose a paper suggestive of the lovely in color and form, as the uncouth. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea or chamber-service, and every object for kitchen or parlor, for the home of the poor man, artisan, or mechanic, I would have them all worthy of a home of taste."

A German prince was once visiting the arsenal of Toulon, and was told that, in compliment to his rank, he might set free one of the galley slaves. Anxious to use the privilege well, he spoke to many of them, and asked the cause of their punishment. All declared it to be unjust, till he came to one who confessed his sin, and deplored it, saying—

"I acknowledge I deserve to be broken on the wheel."

The prince exclaimed—"This is the man I wish to be released."

A SABBATH ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY C. P. O.

It was in those early days when one could get to the summit of Mount Washington only by the *bridle path*, that we found ourselves immured on the summit of the prince of New England hills by fog and sleet for nearly a week. We had walked up from the Crawford House intending to spend the night and return the following day. But instead of waking to realize our anticipation of the coveted sunrise view from the summit of Mount Washington, we were waked by the whistling of the wind without, producing an impression, after coming from the quiet valley of the Crawford House, like the roar of a boisterous New England snow storm intensified, or as when the engineer turns the throttle upon an engine of five thousand horse power. We were thankful that the roof of the Summit House was tied to the rocks, and wondered that such cables, stout as they were, could secure it in winter. In addition to this the wind was accompanied by a dense fog, and a member of our party lost his way, and was a half hour in making the distance of the few rods between the Summit House, where we lodged, to the Tip Top House, our dining-room. It was a real sea turn, and something more away up here on the top of the White Mountains.

Thus we remained four days, hugging that old cook stove in the Summit House. We afterwards learned that in the Crawford Valley the weather was clear and agreeable all this time. Thus we realized that the cloud-hood, which at a distance has so fine an appearance, covering the summit of Mount Washington, is, practically tested, far from poetical.

But no one dare emerge from the clouds and try for the sunshine below, for to trust one's self to trace out that *bridle path* over the rocks and moss in such weather was but to confront the risk of perishing by being lost, which in many cases has proved fatal.

"If adversity obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen,"

writes Tupper, and we were not wholly unsuccessful in calling into action the reasoning and reflecting portion of our natures, and making the "worse appear the better course." We were incarcerated with our own thoughts, we were crowded in an instant from the

natural and intellectual pleasures of the mind and eye into the stocks of meditation. We thought of that eminent French exile incarcerated in one of the Alpine peaks, and allowed only the liberty which the area of his prison yard afforded him, where he studied day after day, and month after month, that little plant Povera Pisciola, starting up from among the interstices of the pavements of the area. He watched its growth and peculiar development, feeding his heart, soul and intellect thereupon. Our situation, especially prepared us to appreciate the situation of the student of Povera Pisciola. What a wonderful educator is God; our minds are drawn out and hearts expanded in a more powerful and different way from any of man's device. He is the great Teacher, the great Evoker of thought. The peculiar situation in which He had placed us for these four days constrained us to ponder on the beneficent ordering of His providence. We are sometimes constrained to realize the value of the friends and society of earth. We require a greater constraint to bring our minds to think of Him who is the greatest of all friends.

But the dark times which blinded and persecuted men's souls were followed by the light of the glorious Reformation. So our four days of fog and incarceration were followed by the light of clear, placid sunshine. And more than this, it was a still, calm New England Sabbath day. The innumerable lakes of Maine, apparently at our feet, sent up their little cloud-pillars of incense, as a morning sacrifice to the God of nature. The Atlantic, far distant, and the small portion of the Winnepisseaukee visible, glistened like jewels in the Sabbath day of nature. The clouds, like great masses of fleecy cotton, swam in the empty air beneath the mountain summits, while around us the mountains of Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, and the evenly rounded crown of Franklin, seemed rising to heaven like a worshipping assembly of patriarchs. There were the founders of our constitution, its eloquent interpreter, and its fearless defender in foreign courts, together in spirit on the Lord's day. How thrilling the suggestion of the scene to any lover of a true nation, of a republic, to an anxious citizen of the largest free republic in the world,

appreciating the value of his government, and esteeming the duty of its protection higher than love for father or mother, brother or sister, and we beheld all this from the mount, which is a monument as lasting and noble as freedom itself to the Father of his Country. Would that we had another height as high to be a monument, without cost, to the great finisher of our nation's freedom—Lincoln. But it was the Lord's day, and a most fitting time to commune with God and ask his constant presence with us in our work of setting an independent example to nations. All this was before our fiery trial of the Rebellion, during which many times have our thoughts reverted to that Sabbath of worship with the spirit of our nation's founders and defenders. But one thing marred our enjoyment, which was the reflection, that our faith and hope on the four preceding days should have been so feeble as not to think of emerging from the narrow into the broad.

In the afternoon we walked over to the bold summit of Mount Clay, the next north in the White Mountain range. There we seat ourselves on the low mountain moss, which, with an intermingling of low blueberry bushes, covers the summit, and thinking of the country far below us reflect, "Nearer my God to Thee." The air, nature and eloquent silence about us seemed as if it had escaped the pollution which has been imposed upon the paradise of Eden. Here were in view the summit of Washington, which we had just left; Katahdin, far off in Maine, driven like a wedge into the sky; and Lafayette in the west, representing the Franconia Notch. We could but repeat with Corinne, as perhaps upon a similar occasion she reflected from one of the Seven Hills of Rome, "It seems as if the air was peopled with all these monuments which rise towards heaven, and as if a city in the air towered with majesty above the city of the earth." We never before realized such silence as the elevation brought: we wondered not that Jesus should retire to the mountain at the hour of prayer, not merely for the seclusion but the stillness of the place. It is such silence as may be felt, a fitting place for worshipping Him, whom we represent to ourselves as inhabiting the silence of the above.

It is a pleasant thought that we have such a sanctuary, whither we may assemble once in the year to commune with God. We know what it is to spend the Sabbath at sea, where an equal isolation exists, but the thought-inspiring power of the silence of these mountain summits is not there.

We walk back again over the berry bushes of Mount Clay, and the sharp and bare rocks of Mount Washington, to the Summit House. On the way we pause on the brink of the great gulf between the summits. Here, for hundreds of feet, you look down its steep sides. A shudder chills one at the thought of the ease with which a step would carry him from the top to the bottom of such a mountain gulf. The same giddiness seizes him who has found himself at the height of wealth or honor; with a sense of security the eye is closed, and the fall follows. The first in rank or power becomes the last. Hagar, in his petition, unites *poverty and riches*. We always consider the alpha and omega in the same thought.

Our return to Mount Washington is in season to enjoy the brilliant sunset, casting a glitter from the Connecticut far off in the wilds of New Hampshire and Vermont. Sunset out in mid ocean calls all on deck to enjoy the never-tiring scene. Not less grand is sunset up here in mid air. It makes up in the genial warmth which it sheds over nature for the bleak and early sunrise seen here. If the sunrise on top of Mount Washington is attractive only for its novelty, and seen once is seen enough, its setting is impressive, and corresponds with the majesty of the surrounding scenes. But it is a sunset most appropriate to conclude a Sabbath day here. The sun rises earlier and sets later by many minutes than on the water level. The brilliant Day King lingering in the west is the seal upon the grand heart and soul pictures of such a Sabbath day. It will never pass from one's memory, neither will a Sabbath day spent on the Summit of Mount Washington.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—A great boy in a school was so abusive to the younger ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old. Yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him.

"Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher.

"Because, if he is expelled, perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still."

"Do you forgive him, then?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said he; "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong; God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

THE WRECKED HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued.)

AFTER IV.

When Mr. Baldwin received information of the sheriff's levy, and the way in which it had been made, the glow of indignation excited thereby quickly gave place to a helpless, mortified state of mind, out of which he was not able to arouse himself for two or three days. He had not anticipated an invasion of his home like this, and least of all from the quarter through which it came. With Dalton he had transacted business for a number of years, and had always considered him a man of more honor and humanity than to follow an unfortunate debtor ruthlessly to his fireside. There were, he knew, a baser sort of men, who would sell a bed from under the sick wife or child of a debtor, in order to get their own to the uttermost farthing; but his transactions had all been with, as he supposed, a higher class. How bitterly had the issue disappointed him.

What could he do? Nothing! By the action of a wisely ordained Homestead law of his State, three hundred dollars' worth of household goods were exempt from execution. But little, if anything beyond the parlor furniture could, therefore, be taken and sold, as under the usual system of appraisement, all else was covered by the statute. But the piano, through means of which Mary had designed helping her parents, could not be retained. That article was too prominent and too valuable to escape. It must go, and it did go, with a sofa, four or five pictures, a handsome centre-table, and a set of parlor chairs. The sale, by consent of the sheriff, took place at an auction room, to which the articles were removed, in order to save the exposure and humiliation of a bell ringing, and a company at the house. The sum realized, covered, fully, the claim of Mr. Dalton, with expenses. On the day after the sale, this gentleman received a note from his lawyer, asking him to call.

"Have you found anything to attach?" was his query, on meeting Drake, for his thought turned naturally to the business he had given into his hands.

"Yes, sir," the lawyer answered, with a smiling assurance of manner.

"Ha! Worth anything?"

"Worth our claim."

"Indeed! That's clever. Can you realize at once?"

"There's a check for your share. I have realized." And Drake, who had opened a drawer as he spoke, now pushed a check across the table at which he had seated himself.

"What!" A broad smile of pleasure went breaking over the face of Mr. Dalton. He lifted the check and examined the face, reading aloud, "Two hundred and forty-one dollars eighty-three cents." Then added, "So much saved! Well, Drake, you are a sharp one. But what did you find?"

"Ask no questions," said the lawyer, in a jocosse manner. "I'm used to the ways of these falling gentlemen, and generally know where to find them. A part of my trade, you know. It isn't often that they go out empty handed."

"I tried to think better of Baldwin," replied the merchant, "but he did not show, in my estimation, a fair record, and this confirms my suspicion. So he has taken care of himself?"

The lawyer said neither yea nor nay, but shrugged his flexible shoulders and arched his compliant eyebrows. Mr. Dalton understood the worst as to Mr. Baldwin, because that estimate was more agreeable to his feelings; it was so pleasant to him, this seeing of evil in others.

"If you have any more claims that you think desperate," said Drake, "bring them along."

"I don't know but I have one or two hard cases, that are given up as hopeless," replied Mr. Dalton. "I'll look them up."

"Do; and if the money is to be had, I'll bring it."

"I would like to know," said the merchant, as he rose to depart, "how you managed to bring our friend Baldwin up to the ring in such quick time?"

"Every man to his trade. Can't give up the secrets of my craft," answered Drake, with smiling evasion. "You've secured half your claim, and so be content. That's the main point."

"True enough. With my money safe in my

pocket, I can afford to leave the method by which it was obtained as your secret; though if I thought the game worth pursuing, I could easily find it." And passing from the lawyer's office, Mr. Dalton, feeling considerably elated in mind at having received one half of this desperate claim, took the way back to his store.

Turning into Market street from Seventh, and looking up, he saw only a few paces distant the face of Harry Baldwin. It was changed, and paler than when he last saw it—not a week before. Their eyes met as they approached. Dalton tried to smile, and gave a constrained nod; Mr. Baldwin only looked at him steadily, and without the slightest movement of countenance or any sign of recognition. But it was long afterward ere he could shade away from his inward sight the cold, stern, rebuking indignation and contempt of the eyes that looked so fixedly into his.

"Of course, he's my enemy for life!" was the consoling remark of Mr. Dalton, as he passed on. He did not feel so comfortably, nor think with quite so much satisfaction of the check in his pocket. There was something in the look which Baldwin gave him that disturbed his serenity. What its meaning was, he could not determine; but it haunted him perpetually, like a mystery that ever suggests some dark unpleasant truth beyond. If Mr. Baldwin had stopped, and berated him soundly; if he expressed, by look or gesture, an overflowing anger; had shown the strong indignation of a man foiled in a scheme for defrauding a creditor—Dalton would have felt comparatively easy in mind, for he would have understood the sentiment expressed; but the manner of his debtor had disconcerted him. There was more behind his veiled face and mysterious eyes than he could fathom.

The days and weeks rolled on, and as Mr. Baldwin had charge of the business which had passed from his hands as a proprietor, he came, of necessity, frequently in the way of Dalton, whom he never recognized as a former acquaintance, only treating him, when business brought them in contact, with formal politeness, yet as a stranger. Several times Mr. Dalton, who had not failed to notice a depressed air of suffering about Mr. Baldwin, endeavored to approach nearer; but the hand which held him at a distance was strong as iron. He might come so far, but no farther.

CHAPTER V.

Phebe Baldwin was of a nervous, delicate organization. Sickly as a child, she had been cared for and guarded with tenderest solicitude; and as the years bore her onward this solicitude, deepened by a warmer and intenser love, made her the centre towards which all hearts moved in the home of her father. She had become as the apple of his eye to Mr. Baldwin. In advancing toward womanhood, the trembling balance of health began to indicate the right preponderance. A warmer tinge gave beauty to her fair cheeks, soft and pure as an infant's; light burned in her dark blue eyes, out of which the soul began making new revelations of itself, only half understood, but significant of thought and feeling. The difference between sixteen and eighteen was so remarkable that few would have recognized in the blossoming young woman of to-day the sickly, shrinking girl of two years previous.

Mind was awakening. Phebe had loved books, and laid up therefrom rich treasures in her memory; and now thought was busy among these treasures, taking therefrom sweet fancies that often lay like honey on her lips. It was the intelligent soul within which was giving such a new and peculiar beauty to her countenance.

If Mr. Baldwin had stood alone with his wife, misfortune would not have proved half so bitter. It was because the blight fell upon Mary and Phebe, just entering upon their woman's lives, that he felt so keenly the shock. He was very proud of these daughters, and this pride had already created positions and relations for them in the world that must be thought of no more—airy castles, swept into nothingness by a sudden storm-blast.

All this was painful enough; but to have his home invaded with ruffianly violence, and that dear child, for whom his heart was always burdened with tender solicitude, shocked to the temporary suspension of life, was more than he could bear, and maintain a front of calm endurance. He had not dreamed of being made a victim to that tiger-thirst for blood, which is never assuaged but with the last drop.

But a sadder thing was to follow; a trouble more profound; a grief for which time alone, aided by religious consolations, possessed a balm. Phebe recovered only partially from the shock of that sudden, and, to her, mysterious and alarming intrusion upon the sanctity of their home. Before she had time to think and thus comprehend the exact meaning of what was taking place, terror overpowered her and she sunk. The immediate

result was the development of a latent heart disease, for which, unhappily, there was no cure. The bloom which had stolen so softly and almost imperceptibly into her cheeks, died out, as we see it die on the frost-touched flower leaf. The sweet beauty of her budding mouth faded to a cold pallor; her eyes were shorn, except at hectic intervals, of their lustre. Two or three days of intense anxiety passed, during the most of which time Phebe remained in a depressed condition of body and mind, keeping her bed for the greater part of every day. Dr. Marvin, the family physician, questioned and looked gravely at each visit.

"This is growing serious," said Mr. Baldwin, as he took the doctor aside, on the third day. "I expected to see her rally and come back to her former state of health. But, if I do not mistake, she is growing worse. What does it all mean?"

"You have not been frank with me," replied the doctor, "and so I am, to a certain extent, groping in the dark. If I understood the whole case I might be able to treat it more intelligently. I wish you could feel it right to speak without reserve. Has there been any disappointment? Any matter of the heart?"

"Oh, no, doctor, nothing of the kind," answered Mr. Baldwin.

"What then?"

Mr. Baldwin's eyes dropped away from those of the physician. He was a proud, sensitive man, and this seizure of his furniture on a sheriff's writ was felt as so humiliating, that he could not bear to speak of it. But fear for his child at last set feeling aside.

"I have been unfortunate in business, as you are aware," he said.

"Unhappily, in these times, thousands are touched by a like misfortune," answered Doctor Marvin.

"Standing alone, I could have met all bravely enough, I think; but its effect on my family is what reaches to the heart's core," said Mr. Baldwin.

The doctor did not respond. There were a few moments of silence, when Mr. Baldwin, forcing himself to more plainness of speech, said,

"In my case, the arrow has gone deeper than usual. It is not sufficient that I surrendered everything appertaining to business or general property. One creditor, more eager and less humane than the rest—a man who is able to stand unmoved in this fearful storm—has pursued me even to my home, and my furniture is even in the sheriff's hands, to be sold in a few days."

"Is that indeed so?" A painful expression came into the doctor's face.

"It is even so; and the brutal manner in which that levy was made produced the consequences we now so much deplore. Phebe happened to be in the parlor with her mother when the sheriff's officers arrived; and it was their outrageous conduct in making the levy that brought on the attack of illness which now threatens such serious results. A nervous chill followed the fright, and then she fainted. This, sir, is the whole story."

"At whose instance was the levy made?" asked the doctor sternly, and in almost a demanding voice. "Do I know him?"

"Yes."

"Just give me his name."

"The matter is one of so unpleasant a character that I would rather let it rest where it is," replied Mr. Baldwin. "I do not care to have it generally known that the sheriff has been in my house."

"No discredit to you, my friend, but a world of shame to the man who, without need, and for the little our laws would permit him to remove, has invaded your house. He is a merchant?"

"Yes."

"And standing unharmed in this fearful time?"

"Yes, unharmed. And has a houseful of children, as I have; and daughters just on the verge of womanhood, like mine! Ah, sir! I cannot understand it. If he had been poor and in distress; if his home had been in danger; if I had been living luxuriously compared with what he could afford, the question would have stood differently. But even then, a humane man would have hesitated before sending out a sheriff's writ. He would have looked well to what would follow, stipulating that no ruffian should be made the agent of a service always painful, and never to be executed without considerate kindness. There is no excuse for the manner in which my honor was outraged; and I hold him responsible for the work of his tools."

"As he is responsible. But who is the man, Mr. Baldwin? I will not bruit the matter to your apprehended humiliation. I wish to know him."

"Israel Dalton."

"What?"

"Israel Dalton was the man."

Doctor Marvin bent his head and sat with a shaded countenance for some time.

"I am taken by surprise," he said, looking

up at length and drawing a heavy breath. "Are you sure?"

Mr. Baldwin drew the writ from his pocket and handed it to the doctor. The names were all there in full. The doctor read this paper over twice, and then reaching it back, said—

"Too true—too true!"

The intelligence affected him in a way that caused Mr. Baldwin some surprise.

"I would rather," he remarked, "have nothing said about this unpleasant affair, as well for the sake of Mr. Dalton's family as my own. He has daughters just coming into society, and I would not have it known that their father possesses so mean a soul. It would hurt them in the estimation of some, who believe that children inherit the qualities of their parents."

"And do they not?" asked the doctor.

"I think so."

"I know so," was the emphatic response. "And so, should not the parents' acts stand forth to give indices in regard to what is in the children, hereditarily? Would you feel easy in mind if your son were about to marry Kate Dalton?"

"I have only seen her a few times, and never in a way to form a true idea of her character," replied Mr. Baldwin.

"But I mean apart from any question of personal observation," said the doctor, "and simply considering her as the child of such a man as Israel Dalton, who has, in this act of oppression toward you, manifested a degree of avaricious cruelty that is shocking. Now, hereditary evil qualities acting as life forces, do not always express themselves in precise ancestral forms, but show infinite modifications—still, the impulse being evil, the action is evil also. The child of a man such as Dalton has shown himself to be, must have latent or already active in her mind some form of selfish disregard for others, which, if stimulated by opposition or desire, will not pause even at cruelty."

"I am afraid," remarked Mr. Baldwin, "that foregone conclusions of this kind, resting on mere philosophic basis, if personally applied, would often involve the deepest wrong. We know that hereditary qualities are broken and modified by the mother's disposition; and that bad men have been the fathers of good children."

"Exceptional cases occur in everything; but the law is that like produces like," said the doctor; "and rest assured, sir, that all men

will find it safer to go by the rule than by the exception."

Mr. Baldwin did not answer, and the doctor sat for a little while lost in thought. He was brought back to the present and the actual by a question as to the sick girl's true condition. A shadow of concern passed over his face.

"That shock was most unfortunate," he remarked, looking up from the floor, and then letting his eyes fall again.

"What is the meaning of her present strange condition? Where lies the seat of disease?" asked Mr. Baldwin. "Is it the old trouble?"

"I'm afraid so." The doctor's face was sober.

"About the heart?" Mr. Baldwin spoke a little huskily.

"The old trouble seems to be there, though a lack of clearly defined symptoms always left me something in doubt. It may be in the heart."

"I thought she had completely outgrown that disease, whatever its nature."

"I was sure of it," replied the doctor. "But this unfortunate occurrence has pushed us all to sea again. We must hope for the best, however. A few days will show us the beginnings of a healthy reaction, I feel certain."

CHAPTER VI.

But, in this, the doctor's hopes were not realized. No healthy reaction appeared, but, instead, a gradual increase of symptoms that gave him the deepest concern. Evidently, there was organic derangement of the heart, and of a character to foreshadow a fatal result, and that at no far distant period.

To have permitted a sheriff's sale at the house of Mr. Baldwin, under this aspect of the case, would have been to invite the most fatal consequences to Phebe. It must, therefore, be prevented, and the articles upon which the levy was made, taken to another place for sale. To this, the deputy in charge of the business demurred, but Drake, the lawyer, upon whom Mr. Baldwin next called, ordered the removal as desired; and it was affected with as little excitement as possible.

A few weeks later, and the family were able to complete arrangements for retiring to a smaller house, in another and far less pleasant neighborhood. By this time Phebe had grown so weak that she had to be supported from her room, not sufficient strength remaining to bear, unassisted, the weight of her own body. It was a sad removal—sad especially for two causes most keenly potent to afflict;

the illness of Phebe, and the deep depression of Mary, arising from the loss of her instrument, by means of which she had hoped to aid in supporting the family. With loving interest, her heart had gone forth towards this work, from the moment of its suggestion, and she had begun to feel strong and hopeful when the iron hand of Israel Dalton thrusts itself in, and wrenched away the only means by which she could have power to help her father in his weakness and misfortune. The pain of this thing went down to the quick, and after the keen suffering was over, her heart ached on heavily, night and day. Her first shock in the great life-battle had stunned and bewildered her.

Very dark and thick was the cloud that rested over the home of Mr. Harvey Baldwin, and the lightning flashes that skimmed threateningly sent new fear to the hearts of its inmates. Phebe grew paler and weaker day by day, and Mary was in tears half of her time.

A cloud, as yet no bigger than a man's hand, and scarcely discernible in the bright cerulean, was in the sky of another home. Our deeds have consequences for ourselves as well as for others. Wrong acts cut like two-edged swords, both ways. Every blow has its rebound, and human blows reach the giver as surely as the receiver. It was not possible for an outrage like that which had followed the blind eagerness of Mr. Dalton in his efforts to secure a claim, to fail of reactive consequences. The reader has seen a foreshadowing of this in the remark of Dr. Marvin, which went past him to his children, and threatened to hurt him in the tenderest place.

The doctor had a nephew named Mark Sedden, a young man of high moral worth and superior talent, to whom he was warmly attached. He was the only son of a dead sister, inheriting a fine property, and had been educated under the doctor's careful supervision. An early fondness for science had determined him to study at one of the medical colleges; and following the bent of his genius, he gave a leading attention to chemistry and its various appliances. So high was his reputation at the time of which we write, that young Sedden was looked to as the early incumbent of the chair of chemistry in one of the leading medical schools.

Two or three times, Doctor Marvin had observed Mark, or Doctor Sedden—giving him his professional title—walking in the street with Kate Dalton. He had not thought much

about it in any way; but when Mr. Baldwin told him of the cause which had produced such unhappy consequences, it flashed over his mind that there might be something more serious than a simple acquaintance; so taking a good opportunity, when they were entirely alone, and not likely to be interrupted, he made this remark, by way of leading to what was beyond in his thoughts.

"There is a vast amount of distress in the city."

"So I hear; particularly among workmen, in consequence of the stoppage of manufactories."

"And with mercantile classes, also," said Doctor Marvin. "Hundreds of men in this city, who, a year ago, considered their position safe in almost any contingency, are now standing amid the wreck of their fortunes. I pity such persons from my heart. Men who have homes full of children—daughters on the verge of womanhood—on whom not even the summer breezes have been permitted to fall too roughly. My professional calls enable me to see much that lies out of the reach of common observation."

"The iron of misfortune hurts, indeed, when it enters here," replied the young man.

"You may well say that," answered Doctor Marvin. "There is a vast difference between the suffering of a poor mechanic, whose supply of bread is lessened—rarely, if ever, cut off in this country—during a few months, and that of a man thrust suddenly down from hard-earned affluence."

"Yes, the difference is very great. The poor mechanic is scarcely conscious of a change. There is some anxiety, perhaps some harder work in a new field of labor, some self-denial, rarely a lack of food. But to the man who has surrounded himself and family with luxuries and elegance, and let his mind rest in them as needful to the sustenance of his life, misfortune comes with stunning force. I see the difference; it is great; and the suffering of one relation not to be compared with that of the other."

"If people in the same social grade would have mercy upon each other," said Doctor Marvin; "if it was not so often the old story of the stricken deer, hunted down by its fellows; the suffering might be less. But even the very last grain of his substance must be given up by the unfortunate one who has fallen by the way, and that, too, often simply to increase the substance of those who have enough and to spare. The poor debtor must

be stripped of even his garments, and left to die on the road-side. No sympathy, no kindness, no mercy. Men are very hard and very cruel, Mark."

The Doctor spoke bitterly.

"All are not so" ruthless, uncle," said the young man.

"No, not all, thank Heaven! There are men with gentle pity in their hearts—men whose lives in the world have not utterly blinded and hardened them. But we are not sure of their quality until the trial-opportunity is at hand. I have seen some things, Mark, since these troubles began, that make me feel strongly. Acts of cruelty and oppression, the consequences of which chill my blood. I have seen the track of the sheriff in homes where sweet peace has until now dwelt securely—the track of the sheriff, hounded on by men standing up securely in this desolating storm, who, with no mercy in their hearts, invade the households of the unfortunate, and wrest from them, in order to save a few hundred dollars, even the furniture they contain."

"Surely this cannot be!" said the young man.

"Surely it is!" answered Doctor Marvin. "Let me relate an instance. You have met Mary and Phebe Baldwin?"

"Often; and they are charming girls. But their home has not been invaded as you intimate?"

"Yes; Mr. Baldwin has been unfortunate. The storm was too heavy for his vessel, and drove him under."

"I am pained to hear it."

"You will be more pained when you hear all. Phebe was delicate from a child. There was, what all the symptoms indicated, organic trouble about the heart. Up to the age of fifteen, she never had a day of sound health. But after that time a change began, and the life forces acted more surely. Gradually she overcame the depressing influences from which she had suffered from the beginning, until I felt assured that all functional derangement was overcome. Alas, Mark! in a moment of time all the gradual work of these restoring years was destroyed, and now she is stepping feebly down the pathway that loses itself in the river of death." The kind old man's voice wavered.

"You shock me, uncle," said the nephew.

"It is too true. And now hear as to the cause. Mr. Baldwin has been unfortunate, as I have said. Ten or twelve years of incessant toil were spent in building it up, a moderate

fortune; but all went, and he found himself at fifty-three poorer than when he began life at twenty-one. But how different his relation to life! Then he stood alone—young, brave, hopeful, and strong; now children gather round him—a daughter on the verge of womanhood—and he is enfeebled by overtasks. Never again can he enter into business at the old advantage. He has fallen but not to rise again. This is sad—very sad. Such a man's case touches our pity."

"Indeed it does."

The young man's interest was strongly excited. He spoke sympathetically.

"But he received no pity. It was not enough that every kind of business property, with debts and securities, were given up. One man, more eager than the rest—a harpy, I call him—seized upon his furniture, and sold all the law permitted him to take. And that man is rich."

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes; and it was the shock occasioned by a sheriff's levy, made with circumstances of uncalled-for brutality, that threw the balance of life against Phebe. She happened to be in the parlor when two officers entered in a rude, imperative manner, and gave her such a fright that the old trouble came back, and she will never, I fear, pass from her home again until borne out by weeping mourners. The poor child has been murdered. Nothing less; and her blood is on the head of a citizen who moves about with a placid countenance and the air of a man who feels as if virtue would die with him. I met him yesterday and turned my head away. I could not bear to give him a sign of recognition."

"What is his name?" asked Doctor Sedden.

"He has daughters also—young women just entering society," continued Doctor Marvin, not yet ready to answer the direct question of his nephew. "If nothing else were potent enough to give forbearance, the thought of them should have restrained him. Why did he not pause and picture, in imagination, the effect of such an invasion upon his own unwarned wife and children, before invading another home? The instinct of cruelty must be very strong in his heart. I would not trust myself in his power under any circumstances."

"You have not mentioned his name," said the young man. "I, for one, would like to know the individual who, in times like these, can coolly, under no pressure of necessity, crowd his brother to the wall and bruise him cruelly."

"His name is Israel Dalton."

Mark started slightly and a change went over his countenance.

"Are you certain?" he asked in a tone that betrayed more interest than Doctor Marvin wished to see.

"Very certain. Mr. Baldwin, from whom I received a knowledge of the facts, showed me the writ, upon which I read the name of Israel Dalton."

"I could not have believed it," said the young man, with marked depression of voice.

"Nor I; nor any man in the community. Such things are done and justified under certain circumstances, varied and influenced by the character and condition of the parties. But for a rich man to pursue an unfortunate debtor even to his home, and desolate that, is an act of inhumanity that finds neither excuse nor palliation. It simply shows his immeasurable cupidity and selfishness."

"I am confounded!" and Doctor Sedden dropped his eyes and sat for some moments without speaking. It was plain that his thoughts were troubled.

"And so will many others be when the truth becomes known. Mr. Dalton's greed has blinded him. He seems to have forgotten that he has children, and that they will be judged by his acts."

"That would be wrong," said the nephew, quickly.

"I am not so sure of it," answered the old gentleman.

"Why, uncle?"

"You look surprised; but think for a moment. Must not his children inherit inclinations in some kind of agreement with their father's quality of mind? If he is inordinately selfish, hard, cruel, and unsympathizing, will not the same tendencies be active, or latent, in their souls? I think so. Better influences may develop a higher life, and genuine truths, as seeds in the ground of their minds, may produce a harvest of good principles; but, there is great danger of an opposite result, for all natural forces run in this direction. I think that a man should look past the young woman who interests him, and consider well the characters of her parents; for in her mind will almost certainly exist, though latent, the forces that determine their actions. These forces are, of course, modified and antagonized in various ways, so as to develop a new individualism. But the current of life will be in the same general direction. If the parents are humane, honest, and unselfish—lovers of the

true and good—their children will inherit like excellent natural qualities; but if they are cruel, false to the right, and inordinately selfish, their children will as surely take from them a hard and evil nature, as the bramble bush takes its leaves and branches from the parent root or seed; and yet, with this great and encouraging difference, the bramble bush cannot be changed as to the quality of its life, while the human soul, living in obedience to pure and holy truths, may rise into angelic perfection. All hope lies in this great possibility. No matter how evil the will of a parent, the child may turn from hereditary inclinations and become good and wise. But, unless we see evidence of such turning, we hazard too much in trusting all to a mere possibility."

The doctor paused and gazed steadily at his nephew. All life seemed to have gone out of the young man's face. He sat with eyes downcast, shut lips, and repressed breathing for almost a minute, Doctor Marvin regarding him all the while with a look of painful interest.

"Is there no mistake about this, uncle?" said Doctor Sedden, drawing, as he spoke, a deep breath. "It does not agree with my estimate of Mr. Dalton; and I have had some opportunities of observing him."

"Facts are stubborn things, Mark; stern correctors, often, of erroneous estimates. I said, when the first intimations of this affair reached my ears, that there must be some mistake. But when I saw the writ under which Mr. Baldwin's furniture was taken and sold—saw the painful consequences that followed the legal seizure of that furniture—looked in upon the dismantled home—missed the instrument of music by which Mary had hoped to aid her father in supporting the family—I could no longer doubt. The facts were too many and too plain."

Doctor Sedden started to his feet, and walked the floor in a disturbed manner.

"Did Mary Baldwin purpose giving lessons in music?" he asked, stopping before his uncle.

"That was the quickly made decision of this true-hearted girl, the moment she comprehended the extent of her father's misfortunes. But without an instrument what can she do? Poor child! it has almost broken her heart. She is a burden to her father instead of a helper. At my last visit, I heard an intimation of a design to obtain a place as teacher in some family, in or out of the city."

The young man's face was deeply clouded, and he showed much disturbance.

"A most unhappy circumstance!" he said, as he paced the floor with knit brow. "Poor Mary! she loved music with such a passion! It was, I sometimes thought, the very aliment of her soul. And to be robbed of her piano! And to think that Israel Dalton was the man to execute this cruel act; not in stress—not under the stern operation of justice to others, that demanded exaction of debt in all forms, in order that he might pay his own debts to the utmost farthing; but from that base, money-loving spirit, that would trample on bleeding hearts for gold. I don't know when I have heard anything that has so hurt me as this. And you have little hope of Phebe?"

"None. I saw her to-day, and noted symptoms that foreshadow the worst. She may linger on for a year or two; or she may pass away in a week."

"The young man did not reply, but showed so much disturbance of mind that Doctor Marvin rightly concluded in regard to his nephew's warm interest in Kate Dalton. He did not feel authorized, however, to say anything more, and left the intimations already given to do their work

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POLITICAL FREEDOM.

An English periodical, *The Intellectual Repository*, has the following remarks upon the new era of political and social freedom that is dawning upon the world:—

"It is impossible to look abroad upon the continent of Europe, and not observe the struggles which are going on between the peoples and the governments, having for their object the removal of those laws which are inimical to liberty, and the adoption of freer constitutions. In Rome, Italy, and Spain; in France, Prussia, and Germany; in Denmark, Holstein, and Sweden, these facts are exceedingly conspicuous. Old despotisms are unwilling to relinquish their power to tyrannize, and the new liberty which is born into the world is urgent for its enjoyment; and who can doubt the final success of freedom? As the knowledge of truth extends, the possession of freedom must be secured. One of the most glorious and more recent triumphs of this knowledge has been displayed in America, where the bonds have been struck from four millions of slaves, and laws are being enacted for the maintenance of their freedom. It is true that this has cost much precious blood and incalculable treasure. The blood is terrible to think of, but that evil must be accepted as

a divine permission, requisite, under the circumstances, for such a result—a result which will not only carry its favorable influence throughout the world in our own day, but provide some means for the enjoyment of its privileges in all the future ages of mankind. The most painful occurrences in the world are ruled by God for the accomplishment of some eternal end: 'Evil shall slay the wicked.' God permits an evil to destroy an evil, to the end that some permanent good may be established. The existence of a great evil can only be struck down by a corresponding force of the same family; hence, the atrocity of slavery seems to have demanded so gigantic a war for its extermination. And, as to the treasure that has been expended, what is that to the humanity that has been liberated, and the justice that has been asserted?"

VASTATION.

BY T. W. H.

My youth is past, and age is creeping on;
The fairy stories all were told in vain.
The clouds, we fondly hoped would soon be gone,
Have delayed earth with sorrow and with pain.

In vain we bore, and hoped for better things—
Poor fools, to dream of happiness below!
That Royal Purple never robed a king—
Sovereign and slave are brother sons of woe.

"But seek the prize and you will surely win,"
Was written on the portals of our prime;
We strove, but fell—then rose and strove again,
And grasped—a bubble—but lost years of time.

"Oh, seek again, and you will surely win!"
I've sought in vain and now will seek no more.
Adam's, or mine, the world is full of sin,
No prize shall lure upon this mortal shore.

Live, oh, my soul! for other, better things;
Gold and ambition, though beyond control,
Are fruits of knowledge that have ruined kings—
They curse the body, and destroy the soul.

Earth's bubbles burst, her fruits to ashes turn;
Sorrow still lingers in the proudest halls!
Then seek the land where sorrow is unknown,
Content to follow when the Saviour calls.

He gently leads, oft by the only way,
To that dark river where our sorrows cease—
Leads where there's all for which the heart could
pray—
Temptations o'er—home of eternal peace!

He who pampers the selfishness of another
does that other mortal injury, which cannot be
compensated by any amount of gratification
imparted to him.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY CARRIE S. BURNHAM, M. D.

We are accustomed to think much of the value of mind development, and so *thoroughly universal* is the appreciation of it throughout New England, and indeed a large portion of the United States, that scarcely has the child an independent existence, when the parent soliloquizes as to *how* and *where* he can best realize in his offspring his *ideal* of intellectual culture.

Accordingly, at the early age of four years, after having carefully taught the little one to repeat in regular rotation his A, B, C's, the parent places him in the school-room, unburdening his soul to the teacher as to the *indispensable necessity of proper early intellectual training.*"

Our little friend, whom we will call Charley, and whose legs from the knee downward measure ten inches, is placed upon a bench twelve or fifteen inches high. This bench is minus a back, else its back is so entirely unlike *that* of the child in form that in no way can he receive support from it, save to push the shoulders, head and neck unduly forward, of necessity diminishing the size of the thoracic cavity, and decidedly lessening the probability, and indeed possibility, of the child's breathing in the poorly ventilated school-room.

Here Charley sits, not upon the end of his spine, but upon the lower portion of it, unable to touch even his toes to the floor, his legs dangling, and by their own weight curving the lumbar portion of his spine.

Never mind, this is but one of the preliminary steps to that "*proper early intellectual training.*" and from this time onward the mind of the child is kept in a constant state of tension and excitement, gazing at "papa's imaginary wise man" *futurus esse*, while in the background stand both teacher and parent urging him onward by all possible hopes of reward and fears of punishment.

A few years, and we see the result. At the early age of sixteen we find Charley graduated from his academical studies, prepared to commence his collegiate course, but now his consumptive habit attracts the attention of the fond parent, and for the first time he conceives that possibly he may have pressed his darling forward contrary to Nature's teachings and demands.

One year later, Charley, somewhat recruited, enters college, but a few weeks of close application plainly demonstrate the disorganized condition of his lungs. His vitality is soon exhausted, and the burial of the darling hopes and expectations of the parent in the grave, with the lamentations thereof, close the scene.

This is no ideal picture, but one of frequent and oft-repeated occurrence, regarded as a dispensation of an all-wise Providence; and so it is, but nevertheless, the natural, unavoidable result of God's law, unchangeable from the earth existence of man.

Our system of education, although in many particulars superior to that of any other country, is defective. Every live teacher and thoughtful educator feels that this is true. The demands of the nature of the child are *not met*, and not only is the regular established system of education with all its resources incapable of meeting his demands, but all the available powers of the teacher are early exhausted in the fruitless attempt, and the only consolation left her is that there "will be an end to such teaching."

She may not have been able to satisfy herself in *what this lack consists*, or how to supply the deficiency, but she feels continually the necessity of something outside to balance, as it were, to produce a harmonious development of the entire being; and as she is unable to supply this, she ponders upon her own inefficiency as a teacher, and the dulness, stupidity and naughtiness of her pupils.

Discouraged and nervously exhausted, she welcomes Friday night, both because it affords her one day of respite from her perplexities, and because one more week of her school year has passed. She continues this labor, counting the weeks which must elapse before she will be free again, because her *physical necessities* are such that she demands the pittance (and it is a mere pittance) which she receives as a compensation for her labor—else her *intellectual nature demands employment*, and the conservative, iron-heart of society prevents her from launching out into business for herself as does her brother, and reminds her that teaching is the only employment which will insure her good society and thorough respectability. I do not forget the pleasure which

she receives in watching the unfolding of the child's mind, studying the variety of organization before her, and the causes of this variety of development of the *unit mind*; nevertheless this pleasure is dearly bought, for unless she is by nature endowed with an unusual inherent strength of constitution, hope and elasticity of spirit, she is in a few years literally "taught out." She is unfit to continue her labors in the school-room, or to meet the demands of womanhood within her elsewhere. This one fact with regard to teachers, to whose moulding influence society is so deeply indebted, is of itself sufficient to show us that our present system of education is incomplete; and couple with this the natural and sure effect upon the child, which we have seen, this defect is truly inexcusable neglect of the best interests of society.

The fault is not with the teacher; it is in the system itself, which is the legitimate offspring of the popular misconception of the mutual relations of physical and mental development. Neither is this the result of thought, but rather of tradition, handed down from preceding ages. We have been taught to ignore the body in order to gain more perfect control and development of the inner being. Indeed for time almost immemorial, this has been a part of our religion. This, however, is not the teaching of the God of nature, who created mankind.

The mind must be cultivated and unfolded through the body, and therefore the more perfect the physical development, the more rapid, normal, and perfect may be the intellectual education, and the more thoroughly can we accomplish the object of earth-life. *Educare*, to educate, is to unfold—to lead forth, and a system of education is complete only as it unfolds in natural order, every part of the being of the child.

From the soft, flabby muscle of the child, may come the stalwart, brawny arm of the blacksmith, or the finely poised and delicately trained hand of the artist, and yet does education consist of the exclusive development of the one hand or one arm, or of both hands or both arms? Preposterously absurd the idea that even the highest and most ideal perfection of any or all of the physical organs of man can satisfy the entire demands of education.

No less absurd is the supposition and generally received opinion that these demands are met and exhausted by the development of any one or number of the organs of the mind to the

exclusion of the rest of the God-given nature of man.

The education of the organ of benevolence is the development of that organ for a certain purpose. The education of the arm is the development of all that goes to make up the arm, bone, sinew, muscle, skin, nerve and blood-vessels, each of its own kind and all harmonious as a whole for a certain unmistakable purpose. So the education of a human being is the development in proper proportions of all that goes to make up a human being, whether physical, intellectual, social, or spiritual, harmonious as a whole. As in the development of the arm there must be a supply to satisfy the wants of each of its parts, and this supply must be furnished through its own natural channels and in its own way; so in the development of the human being, there must be a supply to satisfy the demands of every part of his nature from early existence, so long as that existence continues. And this supply must be meted out to and appropriated by each of the parts in its own God-appointed way. A complete system of education satisfies these demands.

The physical part is the first to unfold, hence the earliest needs of the infant are of a physical nature, and during the first five or six years of his life his cravings are almost exclusively for material supplies. Indeed, until he is fifteen years of age, if he is in a normal condition, his demands are preëminently of a physical nature. This is nature's work; we cannot *effectually* combat it.

Neither is this *averse to reason*, for so far as we can see, the object of a material existence in a material world is solely for the development of the internal through the external, hence the necessity for a perfectly formed external, through which the mind may express itself. If this demand for a normal body is properly met, there is laid a rocky foundation upon which the grand superstructure of intellectual culture may fearlessly be raised, against which the tide and storms of opposition and rivalry of thought may beat, but to furnish a test of its adamant strength and Pelion endurance. Said the distinguished and wise Goethe—"If you plant an oak in a china vase, one of two things must happen; either the vase must be broken or the oak dwarfed." America, to-day, is an oak in a china vase. She can boast of more brain than all other nations of the past or present, but her poor, weak, deformed body cripples her moral strength, and prevents her

from reaching the acme of intellectual greatness. Compared with her capabilities, our country is a pigmy in thought, while in freedom and practicality she towers above her sister nations.

If she would but give to physical culture the prominence which nature demands for it, and which it had among the ancient Greeks and Romans, her effeminacy, yea, the weakness of her women, would cease to be a by-word. With her intelligence, her brain-power and her increasing fearlessness of investigation, she would surpass all other nations in deep-searching thought, and wrest from ancient Greece the crown of glory and wisdom. Without the sure foundation, which an intelligent appreciation of the physical laws of our being, coupled with a development and culture of all its organs can alone give, as well attempt to soar sunward with waxen plumage which in its rays so soon will melt.

We see, then, how indispensable an item is physical culture in a complete system of education, and here is the prominent and deplorable deficiency in the established educational system of this country.

The immediate result of this deficiency, exhibited in the school-room, is the united sluggishness of brain, and uneasiness of body of the child, together with so intense a dislike to all that appertains to the school-room, that at times he would rather suffer *anything*, even the crushing of his little hands upon the railroad track, as did a little boy, not long since, than be obliged to go to school.

A child could not thus feel if in the school-room the demands of his nature were met. Upon every muscle of the body both voluntary and involuntary is indelibly written *activity*. Indeed, the only language of muscle anywhere, either of man or beast, is action—contraction and relaxation. If it is natural, proper, and necessary that the little lamb should gambol and sport in the glorious sunshine, in accordance with the laws of its being, is it not also *natural, proper, and necessary* that the little child should daily bring into use its muscles, subject only to the laws in accordance with which God has created him? Yes, verily, and this should not be accomplished by labor. It is well understood by men that the time of physical growth for the animal is not the time of physical labor. Neither is it for the child. His nature does not demand and cannot endure the care and responsibility attending labor thus early, and if this is unduly heaped upon him the buoyancy and elasticity of his young

spirit must give way and the very object of earth-life be thwarted.

But, says the anxious parent, who has deeply bewailed his own lack of education all his life long, "My child shall have an education. I am ready to sacrifice everything to this end. 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' I want a habit and love for study cultivated early in childhood." Very good; but, my dear sir, how is this habit to be formed and how will you cultivate a love for study in your child? By requiring him to sit quietly three or six hours upon the school-bench, in vain attempting to coon words which to him have no signification.

You place upon him a burden which you yourself with all your determination of purpose and noble, manly strength are scarcely able to bear. By this very course you will thwart your own purpose. The pursuit of knowledge will soon be repulsive to him and he will be incapable of thought upon any subject. It is God who has created him and given him as an habitation this physical body. It remains for you to hold his spirit here, by giving him the proper means for physical development, and the more aspiring his disposition, the larger and more active his brain, the more necessary this physical culture. Said an able educator—"Intellect in a weak body is like *gold* in a spent swimmer's pocket; the richer he would be under other circumstances, by so much the greater his danger now." If you have given him his natural birthright inheritance, to wit, *sana mens in corpore sano*, he ought not to and cannot remain quiet, but he can remain in the school-room two or three hours daily with profit, if occasionally relieved by a few minutes of vigorous physical exercise. If the school-room is well ventilated and his dress is what it should be, loose in every part, while his demand for physical activity is thus met, his brain is fed by pure, vigorous blood, hence his mental activity is proportionately increased, and if this exercise is adapted to music and taken in company with his teacher and fellow students, his social nature is also satisfied.

By this natural education, every day and every hour adds to his real substantial stock of vitality and mental power, which will tell upon society in after years. While he has formed habits of thorough systematic mental effort, he has cultivated a love for knowledge and thought, which time cannot eradicate, together with a body capable of sustaining that mental effort. He can then cope with opposition, and strong,

deep, moving thought, unharmed, and can at least present his "body a living sacrifice" whole, or, as is the scriptural expression, "holy acceptable to the Lord."

It is related of Daniel Webster, that when in college he was unexpectedly called upon to prepare for an examination. He went to his room, and soon after a great noise was heard coming from his chamber. His preceptor, well nigh indignant, remonstrated with him as to the "impropriety of such noises, and thus wasting his time when his examination was so near at hand." He replied, "If I prepare for an examination I must prepare in my own way." He knew the subject matter upon which he was to be examined, and must have his system in the proper condition, that his mind might work through his physical brain. He continued this preparation, and the following day at examination acquitted himself more than honorably. Daniel Webster had not only a large and well-balanced mind, but he had physical strength, by which his mental power was rendered efficient, by developing and husbanding this strength. There is many a Daniel Webster in embryo, who must remain so, for want of physical power, developed and husbanded, to bring forth and make available his mental reserve forces.

Hitherto we have used only the masculine pronoun, but all that can be said of the necessity for and benefit of physical culture for the child-man or for man, can be said with *tenfold more appropriateness* and force of the girl and woman. No woman is prepared to meet the demands of womanhood either as a *woman*, a *teacher* or a *mother*, without a naturally formed and healthily developed body. This she cannot have without early and continued physical training. The language of her muscles and the economy of her nature is the same as that of her brother's, and must be expressed in the self-same way. If he needs to breathe to have pure blood, *she* does; if it is necessary that he should use his arms and his limbs to secure healthy circulation of blood, it is *no less necessary* for her to gain the *same result*. I am aware that many, both men and women, will find in themselves a prejudice to this, but I know of no way in which *infidelity—unbelief* in the wisdom and truth of God—can be so potentially expressed as by conceding that it is *unwomanly* and ignoble to prove the noblest possibilities of *all the muscles and all the powers* that go to make up the human being in a natural, God-appointed way, and to the end for which they were created, as indicated by the powers and

organs themselves. The more thoroughly this is done for the physical nature of man or woman, the more systematically and potently will it be done for the intellectual and spiritual nature; and without this, especially for American women, our nation is doomed to extinction.

Startling to the thoughtful observer is the present physical condition of the women of America, and their ignorance of physiology and the laws of their own being. A few days since I chanced to have an half hour's conversation with the principal of a long established fashionable boarding-school, located upon the east bank of the Delaware, not far from this city. The school numbered about two hundred intelligent and beautiful young girls, nearly all of whom where many miles from their homes. Nature had been almost lavish in her provision of pure bracing atmosphere there, and it seemed a fitting abode for the goddess Hygeia. These young girls were just budding into womanhood, their countenances brilliant with the beautiful aspirations and expectations of trusting girlhood. And yet, as they passed before me, I was pained almost to tears to see the bright red spot upon the pale cheek, and the wasp-waist, about which cords were tightly drawn, and from which hung the long heavy skirts. I could not refrain from weaving into our conversation thoughts upon their education and fitness for the pleasant cares of life, so soon to be theirs. I spoke of their need of physical training, and the increasing ease and rapidity in mental tasks which this would give them, as I had seen beautifully demonstrated in Dio Lewis's Young Ladies' School. I spoke of their inevitable invalid life without it, and made mention of physiology, not dreaming that I was introducing a new subject, when gathering his long priestly robe more tightly about him he exclaimed, "*We don't teach physiology here; we leave that for the mothers to do.*" *Leave that for the mothers to do!* thought I. Public and private schools are the children of society. If the status of this school is indicative of its patrons, as of course it must be, what teaching will those mothers give? Poor girls! they will at least learn by and by, that they have set at naught God's laws imprinted upon their own organism, not second in sacredness to those recorded in Holy Writ. So long as this is the education that young women receive, fruitless will be the employment of woman's pen to prove her mental equal to that of her brother's. *He breathes; ergo he thinks.*

Physical exercise and physiological knowledge is necessary for the man or woman, the boy or girl who would enjoy life, and by an active and efficient brain, wield a power in society. By it much of the child's disposition and genius, the talent and nervous force of the adult might be husbanded. This development can be gained in a variety of ways—by skating, dancing, fencing, sparring, swimming, walking, calisthenics, horseback-riding, &c., but the exercise should be taken regularly and with system, both for its reflex influence upon the mental habits and character of the individual, and for physiological reasons. At present it is but just to say we have no system of exercises which are so thoroughly adapted to meet the needs of the social, the æsthetic, the intellectual and physical natures of the stalwart man, equally with those of the feeble, delicate woman by his side, or the child at his feet; as the Light Musical Gymnastics, almost wholly original with Dio Lewis, whom America may well be proud to call her son. From the impetus which his efforts have given the united physical and intellectual development of this age, must come broader views and a more complete system of education, with which his name and those of other zealous educators must be handed down to future generations. But still we hear the difficulties enumerated and the opposition to encroachments upon the good old customs of our fathers. These mountains of difficulties we appreciate, but they are the legitimate offspring of the society of to-day, and will speedily become as mole-hills by thought, diffusion of knowledge, and practical demonstration of these principles.

*Corner of Seneca and Forty-seventh Streets,
West Philadelphia, January 5th, 1866.*

THE OLD CATHEDRALS.

Men, say their pinnacles point to heaven. Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship. Why, so is every mountain glen and rough sea-shore. But this they have of distinct and indisputable glory—that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness;—that all their interlacing strength of vaulted stone has its foundation on the stronger arches of manly fellowship, and all their changing grace of depressed and lifted pinnacle, owes its cadence and completeness to sweeter symmetries of the human soul.—*Ruskin.*

DIANA WATCHING ENDYMION ASLEEP ON MOUNT LATMOS.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

Stars of the Night! your silent vigils keep,
Whilst I, from moonlight shadows, watch his sleep.
Through the bright day, the Carians wood-nymphs

fair,

Toy with the ringlets of his golden hair;
The Zephyrs woo his eyelids to repose,
Bringing his cheek a deeper tint of rose.
Apollo vainly seeks his flocks to guide
To leafy covert in the forest wide,
For teasing Fauns around his pathway play,
With causeless fright they drive his herds away,
And oft his weary footsteps tread the plain,
His bleating charge in safety to regain.

But now he sleeps, the sleep that nature gives,
The needful rest from toil for all that lives.
In moonbeams wrapped, I touch those gentle eyes,
And bear his soul to fair Olympus's skies;
The glories of my Father's realm appear,
And strains of heavenly music meet his ear;
No more a huntress of the wood, I seem
Daughter of Jove, a Goddess in his dream,
With crescent crowned, and diamond circlet bright,
I seem, the Starry Empress of the Night.
On his warm lips Ambrosial incense shed,
And sprinkle Nectar on his graceful head—
Endymion sleep—Yes, let those visions cheer
Thy placid rest, whilst I am watching here.
Thou dost not know that Dian leaves her throne,
To clothe, in glittering mist, thy form alone,
In this fair Earth a fairer world I see,
And tread with buskin'd feet this world for thee.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence; they are living with me at this very time; they are like myself, dwelling in the great parental mansion of God; they still belong to me as I to them. As they are in my thoughts, so, perhaps, am I in theirs. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our reunion. What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I can no longer enjoy their pleasant society? During their lifetime I was not discontented because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them from me, I was not therefore unhappy. And why is it different now? They have gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth in a far distant city, or in some higher world in the infinite universe of God, what difference is there? Are we not still in the same house of the Father, like loving brothers who inhabit separate rooms? Have we therefore ceased to be brothers?—*Rowan.*

PETROLEUM.

A SEQUEL TO "WHETHER IT PAID."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

Time moved on with the Spencer household, as it does with all of us, and each assimilated nourishment, after its own kind, and developed and matured its own moral individuality, "for good or for evil."

Among other things, of more or less interest, that happened to the family, Tom made choice of his future *Alma Mater*.

To use his own words to Rusha, "several of the best fellows in his class 'talked Yale to the skies,'" while its comparative proximity to his home made a balance decidedly in its favor with all his family. So, in due time, Tom entered college, his absence making a great blank in Rusha's life, although frequent letters and flying visits went far to keep up the old bond betwixt the two, for the feeling which united the brother and sister struck its infinitesimal rootlets into deeper soil than that of relationship.

As the spring advanced, the plan for the summer's campaign had become a prominent topic of conversation, especially with Ella and Agnes, but all this was suddenly cut short by a serious and protracted illness of Mrs. Spencer's.

The danger passed; a long, slow convalescence followed, so that it was midsummer before any of the family left home. Tom, for it was vacation now at Yale, assuming with Guy the charge of the girls at the Springs, whither it was arranged Mr. and Mrs. Spencer should shortly follow with Rusha. The elder sister was the subject of a good many sincere condolences on the part of her brothers and sisters for this sacrifice of herself, as each one regarded it, to her mother.

"How strange it is," she answered, on one of these occasions, with a little perplexed smile at the kindly buzz of young voices which went on around her, "that people oftenest get praise in this life when they merit it least. Here is a case in point. You all think I deserve a great deal of credit, and look upon me as a sort of martyr, when I don't merit the least particle of your sympathy. My decision to stay at home with ma hasn't cost me a pang. I wouldn't exchange the next two

weeks with you in that hot, tiresome, fashion-ridden Saratoga. Ugh!"

"Do hear the girl now!" said Guy, with whom this place had agreeable associations of horse-racing, and a good time in general. "As though Saratoga wouldn't be head and shoulders above every other place in this country for the next six weeks!"

Rusha looked at her brother a moment, with that half perplexed, half absorbed expression which was one of the phases of her face.

"I thank the Lord, Guy," she said, in a tone which left no doubt either of the reverence or fervor of her feeling, "that He made us to differ!"

A general explosion of laughter followed this speech.

"You've got it this time, Guy," said Agnes, merrily.

"Nobody else in the world but yourself would have thought of that, Rusha." Tom gave her a pretty sharp blow on the shoulder, but there was some hidden approval in it.

"As for being like Guy," added Ella, "I must say that youth doesn't at present embody my ideal of the virtues or the graces," at which there was another compound snicker at Guy's expense; "but I don't think I should see any particular cause for thanking the Lord if He made me to differ from everybody else in the world, and you do that, Rusha."

"You mean He has made her of a little extra stuff—that's all," answered Tom, who of late always took up the gauntlet in his sister's defence.

So the household talk would go. With a good deal of bluntness and more or less of sparring it is true, but at bottom the old family love that held them all so close in its strong bond, and that would make these days like lamps shedding down on all the man and womanhood to come the tender, sacred light of youth and home.

So, in due time, the young people took their flight to Saratoga, leaving a strange silence in the house that was always so full of life and bustle of one sort and another, a silence not ungrateful to Rusha, as it fell with singularly

soothing effect upon spirits too apt to be haunted by a vague restlessness. She enjoyed too, at this period, the society of her father and mother, just as she had never done before.

As it was midsummer, Mr. Spencer was less harassed with business cares, and passed more time than usual at home; and as their fashionable friends had all left the city, Rusha was troubled with no outside friction. At the end of two weeks, Mrs. Spencer's physician considered her sufficiently recovered to take the journey for that change of air which, now the dead summer heats were coming on, she greatly needed.

The day before they left, Mr. Spencer returned home a little after midday, surprising Rusha on the stairs, who was busy as a bee with those ten thousand things that one finds to do at the last moment before a journey.

"Where is your mother?" was his first question.

"She's just returned from a little ride, and is now lying down."

"How did she bear it?"

"Oh, bravely. I could see it did her good, and she will be better prepared for the journey to-morrow."

"Come in here, Rusha, I want to see you alone a few minutes," and he turned towards the sitting-room.

She darted up a quick glance of apprehension into his face. One's fears are apt to take the alarm easily after they have passed through one terrible shock; but there was nothing wrong in her father's face now. She went and sat down by him, leaning over her face, and looking up to his with a little smile on it—a young, fair face, of which any father might have been fond and proud.

Perhaps some thought of this kind was in John Spencer's mind, for he smiled a little and patted it.

"I think you must have had a dreary time, daughter," he said, "with two such prosy old people as your mother and myself."

"Oh no, pa, I think you are a great deal more agreeable than most young folks I happen to know—that is, when you are in a good humor," her native truthfulness not letting her color the real fact even for love's sake.

Mr. Spencer laughed pleasantly. Then he put his hand in his vest pocket and drew out something in very dainty wrappings of silver paper.

"Can you guess what this is, Rusha?"

"No, pa, I'm sure I can't," those sweet, bright eyes of hers full of amazed curiosity,

for John Spencer was not much in the habit of such things. "A present for me?"

"Yes, it's just that. I suppose I've been making a fool of myself to get it."

"Oh no, you weren't either anything of that sort. But I'm just crazy to see it."

He untied the wrappings with a deliberation that was tantalizing. I think he enjoyed the sight of her eager, pleased face enough to be willing to prolong it. First a small white box disclosed itself; inside of this was an oblong jewel case.

Rusha held her breath; her father touched the spring; there was a sudden leap and flash in her eyes, and then she saw the whole; on a leaf of velvet, white as a heap of fresh snow-flakes, lay the clusters of diamonds, with a fiery beat and quiver of light at the heart of each. The set altogether finer than the one she had given away.

"Oh, pa, are those for me?" her face all broken up.

"For you, my child. You didn't deserve them, I know, after the trick you served me about those others; but as you were going to Saratoga, and women are all silly enough to want to show off their gimeracks there, I concluded to throw away a little more of my money on these."

"Oh, pa, pa!" and she was clinging to him and sobbing.

He had hardly suspected that she would take it in this way, but he could not know what memories the sight of those diamonds had suddenly quickened in his daughter's thoughts.

"Come, come," he said, a little troubled by the continued sobbing, "I was prepared for a very different kind of thanks from these."

"Oh, pa, you don't know how I thank you," she managed to say at last; but even then her thanks were not so much for the diamonds as for this proof of his confidence in her—a proof which touched her to the quick.

"Well, then, dry up your tears, and make yourself look as nice as you can in them, only don't get rid of these in such a foolish, mysterious way as you did of the others—mind what I say, now."

There flashed suddenly across Rusha an impulse to tell her father where the diamonds had gone. She was apt to do vital things swiftly, as you have seen; the only wonder being that her impulses so seldom in any great emergency led her wrong. It seemed to her that this gift deserved to purchase her confidence, and that she owed it to her father now to tell him how she had disposed of her jewels.

John Spencer was not, as you know, a man of a fine and sympathetic nature. The best side of him was his family one, and Rusha usually found the truest part of that. His wife honestly believed herself a Christian woman, and would have been horrified at anybody's doubting it. The sons and daughters she had borne were growing up into man and womanhood about her; and all this, one would suppose, must have softened her nature—must have tended to make it broad, tender, pitiful, for all sins, especially those of the young and fallen of her own sex, and yet—I hate to write it of her, but the truth must stand—her eldest daughter felt somehow that it would be easier to go to the hard, bustling business man and tell the story of Jane Maxwell; that somehow she would be likely to find with him a deeper appreciation of what she herself had done for the girl than she would meet with her mother. On this feeling, Rusha spoke—

"Pa, I want to tell you where my diamonds went."

"I have always thought it my right to know, child."

The diamonds lay in her lap, pouring out from fountains which never failed the burning joy of their life. Rusha laid her clasped hands on her father's shoulder, and leaned her face on that, so she could not see his while she talked. And in this way she told him the whole story, faltering sometimes, but never quite losing control of her voice.

That morning, Rusha would not have believed that all the world could have hired her to confide Andrew's sin, and her interview with Jane Maxwell, to her father; now she almost forgot to whom she was talking, losing all thought of herself in the strong feeling which her story inspired.

Her father interrupted her but once, and that was with a start and a half smothered curse on Andrew, when he first comprehended who the girl was that Rusha had met on the steamer, then he sat quite silent, drinking in every word that followed.

"That was where my diamonds went, pa."

When he spoke, which was not for several moments, it was in a voice unlike any she had ever heard from him before.

"Well, my child, I shall not blame you. The chances are that your diamonds were lost, so far as doing the girl any good, went."

"But, pa, had not Andrew wronged her, and did I not owe her some reparation?"

"That is not the way the world has of looking at these things."

"The world has always had a way of looking at things from a wrong stand-point, pa."

He did not seek to carry the argument any farther. I think just then, however his future talk and life might deny it, John Spencer was convinced of the truth of Rusha's words.

"Well, you meant the right, child; only, if you were as old as your father, you wouldn't be quite so ready to trust human nature. I've but little doubt your diamonds were thrown away."

"I have, pa. You didn't see that girl's face when she thanked me. But in either case I am not responsible. I did what I could."

Just then Mrs. Spencer walked into the room, and Rusha held up her diamonds.

"See, ma, what a present I've had from pa!" But Rusha did not tell her mother then nor thereafter where the others had gone.

CHAPTER IX.

This year's season at the Springs was not just like the last to any of the Spencer family, although its younger portion, throwing themselves into the general tide of gayeties, perhaps scarcely realized the change. But the mother's health rendered a certain degree of quiet indispensable, in her own apartments at least, and the first glamor was worn off, and all the old haunts were somehow associated more or less with Andrew.

We all know, or shall have to some time, each for his own soul, how the memory of a secret, abiding sorrow, clings to one everywhere; its live nerve of pain is always exposed, always quivering. It seems sometimes as though everything in earth and air conspired to add some fresh pang to that one sore hurt in our souls—to hold it up always before our thought—to haunt one at all times—a living grief, sadder and sharper, oh! my reader, than any dead one.

For Rusha Spencer nothing in this world could be just what it had been a year ago. In their secret and silent ways the forces of grief had nourished and strengthened the best part of her nature. Wealth and luxury had not, with their slow but certain paralysis, warped and deadened her finer self, and from the outset the danger to her had lain in this direction.

One morning Tom and his sister stood at the window watching the crowds that flocked down to the Springs for an early draught of the waters. On the outside it was a pleasant sight; the groups of figures, in slow, graceful motion; the elegant dresses, the strong, bright, picturesque life of the scene.

The brother and sister had been discussing all this in a desultory sort of way, when the latter, after a moment's pause, drew her head in.

"What are you thinking of?" said Tom, catching the passing look on her face.

"It just struck me that it must have been over some such scene as that out yonder that Solomon's soul broke out in that mournful 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher. All is vanity.'"

"Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" answered Tom, with a kind of suspicious gravity.

A little out-tinkle of her merriest laugh, a half surprised glance, flashed up to his face.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Why, Tom, the idea of your repeating Scripture! I didn't know that you read your Bible so much."

"I have, enough to find that in it."

At that moment Guy burst into the room, accompanied by his two sisters, and they all established themselves at the other window. Then ensued a very Babel of voices. The trio went into an animated discussion over the dress, accomplishments and personal attractions of one and another in the crowd beneath them.

Ella was in raptures over one lady's jewels, and another's laces, and somebody else's robe, and seemed to have a marvellous intuition of the value of each, so that Rusha whispered in an undertone, to Tom—

"I think one might say to Ella what Jaques does to Orlando, 'Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives?'"

He laughed.

"Capital, Rusha! What a set of magpies they are, though!" and then they kept still, listening to the chatter.

But the share that Guy bore in it was what amazed Rusha. He seemed to be perfectly posted up in regard to all the belles, and discussed the merits of each in a way that, considering his youth, grated, somehow, on his sister's ears.

Outspoken as usual, she turned on him—

"Guy, what right has a little whipper-snapper like you to go on in that way? One would think, to hear you talk, you had played the gallant for the last ten years."

"He has played the gallant up here pretty thoroughly for the last two weeks," laughed Ella, before her brother could defend himself.

"I believe," he spoke up now, "that girls, after they get pretty well into their twenties,

think that a fellow ought to wear a bib until he's eighteen."

"Good for you, Guy!" laughed Tom. "That's to pay you, Rusha, for calling him a 'little whipper-snapper!'"

Rusha took it good naturedly.

"It was a fair hit, Guy, but I shan't subside under it. What does Ella mean by your playing the gallant?"

Ella undertook to explain.

"Why, you see, Rusha, there's a fearful dearth of beaux here this summer. Of course there isn't a Southerner to be seen, and so many young men are off to the war, that it's really hard to raise enough for an agreeable dance, so men are at a great premium at all the balls."

"You've no idea, Rusha," put in Agnes, "how well Guy can play the agreeable. He can hold a lady's fan and bouquet, and take her out to supper after the most approved fashion. Tom and he are in immense demand here."

I suppose most sisters would have laughed over all this. Probably Rusha would in most moods; now, with a little impatient stamp of her foot, she exclaimed—

"I am disgusted with—I am ashamed of my sex!"

"Why, because some of them happen to fancy your brothers?" asked Guy, rather indignantly.

"If you choose to put it in that light. But when one thinks of the little appreciation of the true worth and dignity of womanhood which exists among women, as we see them here, for instance—when one feels what women's aims and life should be, and looks at what they are, why, it's just sickening."

"Now, Rusha," struck in Ella, "what do you want to be down on your sex like that for? If it was on the men I wouldn't say a word, for you can't make them out worse than they are, but with us poor women, it's altogether different."

"Is that true, Ella? Are men likely to be any better until woman makes them so? Who is it, after all, that makes society—who is it that creates all its decrees, controls all its verdicts—who is it that has her hand on all the great hidden springs which govern human life and actions, and looking at women here, for a specimen, who is so faithless to her trust?"

"I don't understand what you mean. You know I never could go into your heroics, Rusha."

"I mean," nothing daunted by the satire in Ella's term, "this living merely on the surface of things, for dress, display, admiration, a buzzing butterfly existence whose chiefest aim is to catch a beau, or a husband!"

"Now, that is too bad, I do say, Rusha!" put in Agnes, with a little girlish show of spirit.

"Go on, I say," said Tom. "I like it." She was in the mood for obeying him.

"We all know it's so, and why not call things by their right names? How many women honestly believe that they are in the world for any other purpose than to get a husband by fair means or foul?"

"Well, now, Rusha, isn't it natural enough to expect to get married? You don't intend to start out on a raid against matrimony, with all the rest?"

"You know I mean nothing of the sort, Ella. But I do mean that no woman is really worthy to enter into the relation who is not capable of living worthily, and with true use and dignity her own life outside of it."

"Then it just comes straight down to this, and it's all you can make of it. A woman isn't worthy to be a wife until she's first learned how to be an old maid!"

Such a clapping of hands as ensued from Guy and Agnes, when Ella made this point. It was impossible for Rusha not to join in the laugh though it did turn against her, but when the noise had subsided, she took up the subject again, seriously enough.

"If you like that epithet better than any other, keep it. No opprobrium of that sort ever killed a truth yet, and I know mine is one of stubborn things. No woman, I say, is fit, in this age, at least, to be either wife or mother who has not so high an ideal of the marriage relation that she will not enter it solely and entirely for the name and the position which it will bestow on her, but will have the moral courage to go on her own way alone, self-poised, living a life to some true and noble end, for some sweet and generous use, and for all, she does not find in this world 'waiting God's good time!'"

"Now, just answer that, Ella Spencer, if you can," said Tom, with some exultance in his voice.

"Well, granting for argument's sake, that it's all true, one thing is a settled fact that women never will attain to this exalted, angelic state in this world. They'll just be human to the end of the chapter, and love to dress, to dance, and to flirt, to marry and to

be given in marriage, so what's the use of fretting one's self over it! Will you ever learn, Rusha, not to carry the world on your shoulders?"

It always came out in every talk, the hard, selfish, material philosophy of the one sister in strong, sharp contradistinction to the loftier sentiment, the deeper insight, and broader aspiration of the other.

"Well, Tom, what do you think of it all?" for Ella had vanished with this last remark, to put in practice, in some of its various forms, the faith which she professed, while Tom stood looking out thoughtfully, but evidently not seeing the landscape.

"I was thinking, Rusha, that if women have got to become all you say they must, before men are improved, there's a mighty small chance for us poor fellows."

"Well, Tom, the world is advancing all the time into light and truth; you believe that?"

"Yes."

"And no doubt there are a great many just such noble women in the world."

"I wonder where they keep themselves," with a little quizzical glance.

She answered it.

"You may have been particularly unfortunate in your knowledge of the sex, you see."

"I do know one who I think has in her the elements of just such a woman, only she failed me once."

Her face showed in its quick flash of pain that she took in his whole meaning.

"Oh, Tom, I thought you had given up all that long ago," she stammered.

His face wore the look which she remembered that night, when he stood by the mantel, taking the avalanche of opposition which his family poured down on him.

"Rusha, did you think it took no deeper hold of me than that, after what I said, too?"

"And—and, Tom," her soft fingers at work nervously with the ruffles of her morning dress, "if pa should give his consent now you would still go?"

The answer came promptly, and with a strong ring in it—

"Yes, to-morrow."

For awhile she did not speak; at last she looked up, those sweet eyes of hers shining through their tears—

"Tom," she said, "it has been in my thought ever since, and—I cannot tell how—but I have grown to feel of late that if I could once come to know it was my duty, I could bear to see you go!"

She was almost repaid at that moment for all the pangs it had cost her to reach these words, by the rare smile which he bent down on her face—

"That is like my own brave sister!"

"But, Tom, you know it's useless to think of this," clinging to that last plank. "Pa will never be brought to give his consent."

"Not as a private, certainly. But what if I went as an officer? That would put the whole matter in a different light with all of them."

Rusha saw it at a glance. Even Ella had a girl's romantic admiration for military "shoulder straps." She began to see that this test might be awaiting her also. She did not answer him, because the thought, coming nearer, overwhelmed her.

He went on in that rapid, earnest way, which showed how deeply his heart was in it all.

"There may come a time when I shall want you to stand by me to help me through, Rusha."

She shut her eyes, a sudden sickness creeping over her, and her answer was low, as though some heavy feeling lay upon and crushed it down.

"I hope, Tom, the Lord will give me strength to do what He shall show me is my duty."

A very different answer from that one she had made him six months before, showing how the hidden heaven had been working in her soul also, "till the whole was leavened."

I do not think there was much comfort then in Tom's fervent—"I felt you would come out all right at last."

Afterwards he went on to talk, with all the ardor of his quick, impatient youth, of his great longing to enter the army, of his eagerness to do some service for his country, of his solemn conviction that his duty lay there, and through it all it was plain enough that he relied on her sympathy and assistance in overcoming his father's prejudices and constraining his consent into what Tom called "the one hope and ambition of his life."

Rusha listened silently, all ardor of patriotic feeling, all delight of sacrifice, gone now, only that cold sinking about her heart.

At last Tom waited for her to speak; it was after he had concluded with—"You know, Rusha, money will do anything in this world. Father could easily get me a lieutenantancy, or captaincy, or some office of that sort."

"But, Tom, there is no need of being in a hurry, you know," catching at any straw.

"But there is, though. If a fellow once

makes up his mind, heart and soul, what's the use of hanging round, I say? He'd better be at work."

"There will be no use in attempting anything, though, until mother gets strong again. The very suggestion might throw her back into the fever, and there would be an end of the whole thing."

Tom saw the force of Rusha's argument.

"Well, I shall wait in hope—in faith, too—that the good time's coming."

At that very moment they both caught sight of a trio of army officers emerging from the park. Tom gave them one keen glance, and then cried out—"Those are fellows from Yale!" and he was off in a trice. And Rusha stood at the window, and the fair summer landscape lifted up its smile of still peace and gladness into her face. Hers would have answered it sometimes, but she did not see it now, she only saw the dread and anguish that were coming.

CHAPTER X.

The advent of Tom Spencer's college friends proved particularly opportune for that young man at this juncture. They were a trio of fine, brave young officers, who had entered the army, as so many of our youth did, solely for their country's sake; and this heroism seemed to have transformed at once their idle, self-indulgent youth into strong, stalwart manhood. They had seen some hard service, too, and their patriotism had gained that deep, steady glow which comes from the service of camp and battle-field.

Ella's and Agnes' fancies, after the manner of young girls, took fire at once over Tom's friends. And far less attractive society than that of their young classmate's sisters would have possessed an agreeable zest to the young officers, who had been so long beyond sound of a woman's voice that they had found some new sweetness in it. So all parties were disposed to make the most of the brief furlough.

Even Rusha found at last "some men at the Springs worth talking to," and was never tired of asking questions about army life, with an eagerness whose secret spring nobody could probe. There is, after all, a great power in words, and it seemed to diminish the chances and dangers of war when the young captains talked of a bullet wound as a "little scratch," and marching up under a heavy fire "a walking off bravely to the music, sir."

Then, sun-browned and worn with the life of camp, and march, and the hot fight of the

field, as were these soldiers, they had escaped unharmed, every one of them sound in limb and stronger in soul.

"Why might not Tom be all this?" Rusha reasoned, striving to brace up her heart to the surrender that must come.

John Spencer flattered himself that he was above being influenced by appearances in any serious matter, but of course the man was greatly mistaken, as most people are in their estimation of themselves. It was one thing to enter the army a mere private, without any name, or position, or honors of any sort, and quite another to be an officer, with the prestige, and power, and all that.

I suppose none of us are above being influenced more or less by such considerations. Certainly, John Spencer would have set his face strongly against his boy's entering the army in any position; but in case it should come to that, he would have an immense choice of place.

At all events, Tom read his father deeply enough to manage that he and the young soldiers should be thrown frequently together, and, when they were, the army was certain to be the topic of conversation—a subject in which Mr. Spencer, like all his countrymen, took an absorbing interest of one sort or another; and nobody could hear the young soldiers talk without being more or less infected with their enthusiasm. Guy manifested this fact in his remark after the officers had taken leave one day, each having appropriated one of his sisters for a walk in the park.

"I say, those are all fired plucky fellows. It makes one feel it's a fine thing to go to the war, and wear shoulder straps, and all that—Jupiter!"

"Come, now, don't you go to getting the fever too," added his father. "Tom's only got well over his."

"Oh, it's one thing to go to the war and turn in with the rank and file, and pretty much of another to be an officer, and ride a fine horse, and have a lot of men under your command, and all that. I say, 'twould be sort of jolly!"

"Foolish boy!" said his father. "You might find some day that all the glitter and tinsel wouldn't save your head from being shot off. What then?"

But after all the tone was very different from the one which had answered Tom when he talked about going to the war as a private.

"Well, there wouldn't be much fun in that; but then a fellow may not get a scratch.

Plenty of 'em come back safe and sound," was the reply of John Spencer's youngest son.

No more was said at that time, only Tom muttered to himself as he went out—"There went in the first wedge!"

After this there was some secret betwixt Rusha and Tom, which made them, perhaps, unconsciously cling to each other with some new habit of closeness and tenderness. Rusha could not but discern how the young soul beside her panted with suppressed eagerness to be at its work; and there were times when her brother's enthusiasm would fairly carry her out of herself, and she would lose sight of the peril and the dreadful possibilities that lay in wait in the joy and glory of the struggle.

But this was only at times. She was a woman, and above all ambitions and exaltations, the heart, which was the deepest part of her, would make itself felt. Sometimes the thought of what Tom was to do, of where he might be in a little while, would come over her with such a pang as fairly to take away her breath. Indeed, whether she was conscious of it or not, she carried with her always now the dread of some trial to come. Its shadow haunted her gayest moments—and you know she could be gay, with a bright, hearty, child-like abandon, which infected everybody who was brought within her sphere more than all Ella's high spirits.

Nobody suspected the secret pain she carried about with her—not even Tom, except partially, for it only manifested itself in a restlessness if he was long out of her sight, and a liking to be always at his side. And through all this appointed way the character of Rusha Spencer was gaining self-poise, and bracing itself for the hour of surrender that she saw waited for her in the future—the hour which she had not yet courage to open her eyes and look in the face.

In due time the season was over, and the family returned home. Mrs. Spencer with recovered health. Tom's purpose had not transpired, but Rusha gave a prophetic start when she heard her father say one evening—

"Well, Tom, I s'pose you'll be off next week—college comes together then, I see?"

There was a moment's silence; then Tom spoke up with a ring in his voice which cut sharp as steel through Rusha's soul—

"You and I must have a private talk before that."

"What sort of a talk?" said the father, looking a little surprised.

"One of the kind that must speak for itself."

"I believe you're trying to get up a sensation, Tom," laughed Agnes. "What possible secret can you and pa have together?"

Tom did not answer the jest. He looked grave enough as he said—

"There's no time better than the present, father. I'd like to talk it all over with you this evening."

So it was coming! After tea Rusha went up stairs, and sat down in a dark corner of the little alcove, trying to realize the truth, and what life would be to her when Tom was gone to the war.

In a few minutes he ran up to her, and found her here, his whole face was on fire with eagerness—

"We're to have the talk right off," he said, "in father's room. Oh, Rusha, I must, I will carry it this time."

Her heart leaped up then, and caught at a hope that her father would prove inflexible, but Tom was too excited to notice her looks now.

"There he comes," he exclaimed, catching the sound of a mounting footstep. "I must be off now," but, with his hand on the door-knob, he turned, and came back to her, "Rusha, you believe that there is a God who hears prayer, and answers it?" he said.

"Of course I do, Tom."

"Well, then, I want you to ask Him to turn father's heart to this matter, while I go in there," and he went away. Could she do this thing that he had asked her?

Huddled up there in a heap on a corner of the lounge while the soft darkness grew about her, Rusha Spencer put herself this question, battled with this great hour of surrender that had come to her too, at last, that, in one shape or another, comes sometime to all of us!

Could she pray the prayer Tom had asked, when that meant that he should go out of her sight, it might be forever; go out to peril, to certain suffering, it might be to death. It seemed to her in that moment that all the wives, and sisters, and mothers who had ever given up the beloved to the war could not have felt and suffered as she did.

She tried to think of God, to brace up her soul with thoughts of right and duty; but the light and the props all failed her now, and she sat there waiting, a cold heap, on a corner of the lounge, just as Tom had left her, when he came back.

She knew her first glance would settle the question of his success or failure; but it had grown so dark by this time that she could not

see his face. He came right up to her, manner and voice full of excitement that was close on triumph.

"Rusha, you must go to father this very minute!"

"I, Tom?"

"Yes; strike while the iron's hot, and you'll bring him over. Nobody else can do it. He was hard as flint at once, but I stood it out boldly, and I can see he's come down a good many pegs."

Her voice found its life again.

"You don't mean, Tom, that I must go in and intercede with pa to let you go to the war?"

"That's just it. If you'll help me now, Rusha, we'll bring the matter through betwixt us. I'm sure of it!"

"Oh, Tom, I can't," she shrieked out. "I had rather give up my life than do this thing that you ask me."

Tom sat down.

"I shall lose all, Rusha, if you fail me now," he said, with a kind of solemn sternness. "My fate is in your hands. Ask your own soul whether you have a right to betray it."

Whether Tom was right or wrong in putting her to this hard stress I do not know—whether she was right or wrong in feeling as she did, that if she failed him now, her deepest hold on him would be gone forever, I cannot tell, but it certainly did strike home to her with a singular force of conviction that it was her duty to do what Tom asked; and there was some fibre knit up in the soul of Rusha Spencer which always made her look a duty straight in the face.

For a little while she neither stirred nor spoke. At last she rose up.

"Are you going?" asked Tom, catching eagerly at the folds of her dress.

"Yes," in a little hard, dry whisper.

He put his arm around her, and walked with her to the door. If he could have seen her face then, I think he would have called her back, but he never knew the look it carried out of that door.

John Spencer was pacing up and down the room, with his hands behind him, a pretty sure indication that his mood was ruffled.

"What the deuce has got into that boy's head about going to the war? He seems resolved to run his head into the cannon's mouth."

"It doesn't seem to be in his head merely, but in his very life and soul," the quiet tone contrasting with her father's excited one.

"You don't mean that you've come here to tell me I'd better give in, and let him go?" and little more wrathful than ever.

"I've come in to tell you, pa, that it seems to me the only thing you can do. You know I opposed it at the first, but I see Tom's whole soul is set on this thing—that it isn't a mere boyish fancy for the parade and show of war, but something that has taken possession of his whole nature, and there's no use going against it."

"But do you know what going to the war means, you foolish child? It means getting one's head blown off, or one's limbs shot away, and a good many other things as bad, or worse," hurling the dreadful words at her in that sort of blind anger that vents itself on the first object, and yet there lay something, at that moment, at the bottom of John Spencer's temper that largely excused it.

If the man had known how deeply each word hurt his child, he certainly would not have spoken so. It took a moment or two to steady her voice.

"I know all that, pa, and I am not certain but I would find it a great deal easier to give up my life than to let Tom go, but he is so bent on it, that if he is forcibly kept away, I tremble lest something wrong should come of it. If Andrew now had taken a notion for the army it might have saved him from all that followed."

"Likely enough; but there isn't the same danger in Tom's case," still his tone showed that the last argument had weight with him.

"No, thank God! still it's always dangerous to go against a young man's settled convictions of duty, and Tom believes in his soul that his work lies that way. I wish he did not; but if, in consequence of our opposition, he should lose all ambition, or come to any harm, we should always blame ourselves."

"The fellow don't know what he's about; pretty place to put me in," muttered John Spencer, pacing the room harder than ever.

"But other fathers let their sons go to the war," pursued the girl. "And I am certain that Tom will enlist the day he is twenty-one; and your influence might do something for him now. You know the rank a man holds in the army makes a vast difference in the way of comfort."

That was a part of the matter which John Spencer would be certain to see in its strongest light.

"There's your mother! Do you s'pose she

can ever be brought over into letting Tom go to the war?"

"I suppose so; because people generally do what they can't help," the grievous, hopeless tone striking her father now. Indeed, Rusha had all this time been talking one thing while her heart was pleading another.

A great deal more was said on both sides. John Spencer was not a man easily moved from his opinions, but the thought of Andrew, and a lurking fear that it might turn out with Tom as Rusha had said, if he brought all the forces of his opposition to bear against him, had its weight now.

That last talk, too, had impressed Mr. Spencer with the vital earnestness of his son in the matter at stake.

At last Rusha returned to Tom. He sprang up.

"Well, Rusha?"

"You will go, Tom?"

"Has he really consented?"

"Not in so many words; but I see it will come to that!"

"Oh, Rusha, I am the happiest fellow alive," catching her up and twirling her round, his old habit in any exuberance of joy.

Still dark so that he could not see her face!

"Let me sit down, Tom. I can't bear that now," the burden of weariness and pain in her voice striking him even in that moment.

"Poor Rusha, I shall not forget what you have done—not forget that in the whole world there is no sister like you!"

Her heart was too sick then to find any sweetness in the praise. It was striving to steady itself against those old words which have been a plank let down into the deep waters where many souls have begun to sink, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But she could not bear the strain of his triumphant mood.

"I will tell you about it to-morrow, Tom; leave me a little while, I am so tired, there's a good fellow!"

He kissed her, and went away. Tom Spencer thought he knew all that it had cost his sister to do what she had done that night, but he did not know then, nor ever afterwards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A due fervor makes a plain discourse more touching than one exquisitely composed and coldly delivered, as a blunt iron, when red hot, will pierce deeper into a piece of wood than a much sharper one that is cold.

SELECTIONS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE LAST HOURS OF MISS KATE.*

And so Miss Kate, with her shawl carefully wrapped round her shoulders, sank back into the warmth and softness of her easy-chair and closed her eyes. John watched her, and did not begin his letter till he knew she was asleep by the position of her hands and the sound of her breathing. He then wrote to Miss Oona as directed. The letter was not long, and was soon sealed and addressed. As it was too early to wake his aunt, who was sleeping comfortably, it struck him that he could not employ his half hour better than by writing to Maggie. So he got hold of another sheet of paper, and while his pen was swiftly travelling down the second page, he heard his aunt suddenly call out, "Yes, coming!"

John looked up on the instant, and there was Aunt Kate sitting bolt upright in her chair, and looking towards him, her shawl fallen off her shoulders, her hands trembling, and an alarmed look in her eyes.

"Who called my name, John? Was it you? Did you hear anything?"

"No one called you, aunt. I have not spoken since you went to sleep; no one has been here."

"But I heard my name called distinctly. The sound is ringing in my ears yet," said Miss Kate, slowly becoming mistress of her hands, and the light of alarm dying out of her eyes as she became conscious of surrounding objects. "I was called by name as if from a great distance, and the voice was a voice I know, or have known. What can it have been?"

"You have been dreaming, perhaps," said John, "and only fancied it."

Miss Kate had again lain back in the cushioned chair, and instead of the look of alarm which had been there a moment or two before, was the strangest smile on the face that John had ever seen. An inscrutable smile of infinite content, which lay like a light; and in the light plaits and creases of care, the lurking lines of worldly wisdom and shrewd humor, the furrows of sorrow and the dried-up courses of ancient tears were smoothed out, and in their places had come an almost infantile repose, a wonderful youthfulness, which were beautiful to see, but which scared John by their irrelevancy and inappositeness. The eyes were closed, but on the face lay that gleam of alien beauty.

"I knew your voice, Richard, across the wastes

of seventy years," she said to herself, yet distinct enough for John to catch. "Lonely have you been there; lonely have I been here. I am coming, Richard." And she passed her hands across her face, shutting out the strange expression, and then in a little while, John, who was looking on, awe-stricken, saw the tears trickling down between the withered fingers.

But this emotion on the part of Aunt Kate was but of short duration, and when she removed her hands, but for a certain unusual tranquillity, her face had regained the ordinary look.

"Have you written the letter to Uanvohr?" she asked.

"Yes," said John.

"That's right. Be sure and post it to-morrow. I'll wear my grave-clothes, John, before Oona wears her wedding-dress."

"Don't say that, aunt," cried John, who came to her side. "Don't let a dream frighten you so. You are very nervous, and a good night's sleep will put you right."

"You don't know the finger and thumb I feel on my windpipe, John,—and then I believe in dreams and omens. But there's no use in talking of these things at present. I have a great deal to do, and but little time to do it in. You can go to Uanvohr in summer if you like, John,—it's perhaps the best thing you could do. And now, John, you will go to Dr. Watkins to-morrow and tell him to come here. He can do nothing for me, but his presence will satisfy you and my other friends, and save all reproaches. You needn't go to-night, to-morrow morning will do quite well. And, John, I should like you to write to your mother at once, and tell her I wish her here. Write the letter, and make it as little alarming as possible. Just say I am rather unwell, and that I wish to see her. Now I think that's all I have to say to-night. Ring the bell for Ann, and she will assist me to my room. You'll be sure and write to Greysley before you go to bed, and have it posted early. Good-night, John, good-night." And by the time that the old lady had played for a moment with John Hagart's brown hair and kissed him on the forehead, Ann was in the room.

John, when his aunt had gone, strove to make himself believe that the voice was merely a nervous delusion, and that when once the bitter spring winds were over, the invalid would be well again; and before he went to bed he wrote to his mother, summoning her to Miss Kate's bedside. Next morning, after hearing that his aunt had spent a rather restless night, he went to the office, calling on Dr. Watkins, and posting his letters on the

*From "Miss Oona McQuarrie. A Sequel to 'Alfred Hagart's Household.'" By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

way. The doctor was to go to Mortimer street at once, and John was to call on his way home to hear his report.

John called on Dr. Watkins in the afternoon on his way home, and was shown into the library. The doctor came in almost instantly.

"How did you find my aunt?" John inquired, anxiously.

"She is very weak," said the doctor, "very weak indeed."

"But is her illness dangerous?"

"Well, for a young and strong person it would not be dangerous. But, Mr. Hagart, you must remember your aunt is very old, and that the rope is so frayed and worn that it cannot endure much strain now."

"Do you think she will die, doctor?" asked the young man, with a sort of gulp.

"To tell you the truth," said the doctor, "I expect she will run down some morning like a watch,—will stop from sheer exhaustion. But we will do everything we can do for her, you may depend upon that. She has had a wonderful constitution, you know, and that may hold out for yet a little."

John did not ask any more questions; he was anxious to see how matters stood, and so he went home carrying a heart with him which was heavy as lead.

When John came home Miss Kate had fallen asleep, Ann told him, and that during the day she had inquired several times if her sister had yet arrived, although each time she had remembered that Mrs. Hagart, even if she had started on the receipt of the message, could not possibly be at Mortimer street before the evening. She had been restless all the day, but she was now sleeping peacefully. And so the young man after dinner—he felt that day how dreary a thing it was to dine alone—sat down to finish his letter to Maggie, the conclusion of which contrasted strangely with the gayety of the opening sentences.

While John was writing, his mother was driving rapidly in a hackney-coach from Greysley to Hawkshead. The good lady was in a state of sad perturbation. She knew perfectly well that Miss Kate would not send for her unless she was sorely needed, and she was prepared to expect the worst on arrival. She loved her sister sincerely, and was grieved that illness had overtaken her; but with the natural sorrow there was mingled a certain feeling of bewilderment. She had known hardships and misfortune herself, she had wept over a dead face, sorrow and she had been year-long companions, and a personal catastrophe would have seemed the most ordinary thing in the world. But that anything should go wrong with Miss Kate, with whom she had associated every idea of stable prosperity, of invariable success, seemed to her wonderful, unaccountable; something like a suspension of the laws of nature, and the unbending of all things.

Mrs. Hagart lay back in the carriage, while the cold April moon shone out overhead, and the shadowy trees, like the dark plumes of funeral hearses, flitted rapidly past on either side of the road. Her mind went back to the old times; to her father's house; to her marriage and the estrangements consequent thereupon; to Miss Kate's kindness to her children; to the one that remained; to the far dearer one taken away, and dearer *because* taken away; to the making up of the family breach;—and thinking of all this, and how the entire wrong thing had become right again, and of the duty on which she was at the time engaged, the poor lady threw herself back in a corner of the vehicle, and wept outright; and it was not till the cold stars, and the dark flitting ghosts of trees, and the silence of the country road, were exchanged for the far-radiating lines of lamps of Hawkshead, the blaze of shop-windows, the continuous rattle of wheels, and the din and movements of intent crowds, that she regained comparative composure; and even then, glancing out of the window of the vehicle on the glare of light, and the bustle and pressure of passengers, she marvelled how many death-beds there were that night in the noisy, brilliant city, and how many of the dusky cases that hurried past for a moment in the shop-lights bore hearts as sore as hers. "Hundreds on hundreds," she said to herself; "hundreds on hundreds could take me by the hand to-night."

Mrs. Hagart had no sooner reached Mortimer street than John was out on her in the lobby in a moment. He gave her what information he could concerning the condition of the invalid. He carried her into the room which had been prepared for her, and she had barely laid aside her bonnet and shawl when Ann appeared at the door.

"Please, ma'am," said Ann, "Miss McQuarrie is awake now. She heard the door-bell, and is anxious to know if you have arrived. Will you come this way, ma'am?"

Mrs. Hagart followed Ann at once, and when she entered the sick apartment, there was Miss Kate propped up on pillows in bed, looking gaunt and pale, her hands lying lax on the top of the bed-clothes. At the step she turned half round, and a look of pleasure visited the dim eyes. "I thought it was you, Margaret. It was very kind of you to come so soon. Place the candle on the table near my bedside, Ann, and then you can leave the room. You will be called if you are wanted."

Ann did as she was directed, and left the room.

"Kiss me, sister," said the old lady when they were alone; "I am going on a long journey. You have been crying, Margaret," she continued, quickly, as she caught Mrs. Hagart's face as she bent forward in the candlelight. "Is it worth crying for?"

"Don't speak in that way," said Mrs. Hagart, as she placed her arms round Miss Kate, and

kissed her. "Don't speak in that way; you will break my heart if you do. You must not speak of dying, Kate."

Miss Kate lay back on her pillow for a few moments. "Do you remember the day of Katy's funeral, Margaret?"

"Ah, yes."

"Do you remember my telling you of the man I loved, and still love?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hagart, in wonderment.

"He called me last night. I heard his voice calling my name as distinctly as I heard him long ago calling it from the red sunset cliffs behind the house, or from the boats in the bay, in the years when I was happy. And I knew his voice, and awoke, crying, 'Yes, I am coming; and I'm going, Margaret; and it's best. We have been separated for years and years; he on one rueful shore, I on another; and Death, the ferryman, is coming across to take me to him. We will understand each other now. If we have both sinned in pride, we have suffered, and God has accepted the expiation. Youth has been omitted in my life, and I am going back to it. That which was sown in corruption shall rise in incorruption, and this mortal body shall put on an immortality. Before a week is out, the coffin-lid will press upon my face; but I shall feel younger then,—far younger."

To all this Mrs. Hagart could only reply by caresses and tears, and after a little while Miss Kate went on,—

"Don't cry, Margaret; what's the use? I have had ninety years of it, and I have no right to grumble, I am sure. Now, then, attend to me, for I have many things to say to you. I am going away, and I must set my house in order before I go. Are you paying attention, Margaret?"

"Yes, sister, yes."

"Then in the lower drawer, yonder, you will find all the things I need when it's over. I made them years ago."

"O Kate, Kate, don't speak in that way."

"But I must, my dear. What do you think I brought you here for? I didn't expect to give you pleasure, you know. You must listen to me, and you must remember what I tell you also."

Here Mrs. Hagart wiped eyes that were next moment wet again, and Miss Kate went on.

"I don't wish many people to be here when they take me away. I wish my brother Hector, and my lawyer, Mr. Hook,—he'll have something to do in any case when the company comes back; and John, of course, and Mr. Stavert."

Here the old lady lay still for a little while.

"It'll be a fine play this for Stavert," she went on. "He was always a grand hand at a funeral. He's a liking for the cakes and the wine. I should almost like to say good-by to him, for all that has come and gone between us; and Hagart, yes, you must have Hagart. Alfred Hagart has been a prosperous man of late years."

"God has been very good to us; Alfred has

been very prosperous ever since he came to know you, Kate. It almost seems as if a special blessing had come with the reconciliation."

Here for a moment there was a flicker of a droll smile on Miss Kate's face. "Yes, indeed, Margaret, it almost seems so. Do you think the reconciliation had anything to do with it? But never mind that now. You can discuss the matter with Alfred when I am gone away out of earshot. Now, I have much to say to you yet. Where was I?—O yes, you are to have our brother Hector, and Mr. Hook, and John, and Stavert, and Hagart, at the funeral; that will be enough, I think. I suppose you have heard from John that Oona's engagement had been broken off?"

Mrs. Hagart said she had heard of the broken engagement.

"Then it's made up again; and be sure and tell Hector when you see him that it was one of my last wishes that this marriage should not be delayed. Why should they delay it? Why should my grave lie in the way of a bride to church? Don't let my dying stop the wedding a single hour. At all events, tell Hector that I did not wish it to stop it. You will be sure and tell Hector that?"

Mrs. Hagart gave the required promise.

"And now, Margaret, John gets the house here and the furniture, and what little money I have left, barring a few legacies. He has been a great comfort through all the years he has stayed with me. And he will need it too, for I rather think that, before long, he will be presenting you with a daughter-in-law; that he will be taking a mate from the Uanvohr nest. He might do worse, Margaret. I leave you nothing, dear, save a few trinkets, which are sacred by the touching of dead fingers; you will value them, I know. Had you needed money, I should have left you some; but you don't need it now. Well, I think that is all I have to say. If you think I have forgotten anything, Margaret, I hope you will mention it, for I am tired and sleepy, and my time for sleeping or waking is but short."

During all this talk there was sore distress at the good sister's heart as she half sat, half leaned on the bedside. One topic, all-important as it seemed to her at such a moment, had been entirely overlooked by Miss Kate, and she would have introduced it before had opportunity been granted her. The opportunity, she conceived, had now come.

"You have forgotten nothing, I think, in the way of temporal matters, and I shall fulfil every one of your wishes; but O sister, sister, if you are to leave us, would you not like to have a clergyman to pray with you?"

Miss Kate turned her eyes quickly round on the appealing face. "I thought, Margaret, you had known me better. For this hour I have waited more than fifty years, and I was not a fool to put off preparations till it came upon me like an armed man. I have been lonely in my religion, as I have

been lonely in my life. My temporal and eternal affairs I have transacted myself. Weak and frail, and scant of breath, I know that my Redeemer liveth. His right arm will sustain me and carry me. He walked along the road on which I am now entering, and took away its loneliness and terror. Not in my own merits, I trust, but in His."

In a moment, Mrs. Hagart's arms were around her sister, and the tears were falling thickly on her face.

"Now, don't cry, Margaret; I don't think this dying is worth the shedding of a tear. Now, you must go to bed. Ring the bell for Ann; she will watch with me to-night."

"But you must allow me to sit up with you to-night," pled Mrs. Hagart.

"You will do nothing of the kind. In a night or two you will have to wait, and so you had better take what rest you can just now. Ring the bell for Ann, dear; it's her duty to wait on me, and she's paid for it; and then go and have some supper, and a little talk with John, and think as tenderly as you can, both of you, of the old dying woman here."

And so Mrs. Hagart rang the bell; and, when she went into the room where John was sitting, she threw herself down on the sofa, and broke into a great fit of weeping.

Mrs. Hagart had to wait one night. Somewhat less than a week after, Ann, Mrs. Hagart, who had come from Greysley, and John, were waiting at the sick-room. Dr. Watkins had been at Mortimer street several times during the day, and was just gone. Miss Kate was in a sleepy comatose condition. Ann had, in a whisper, expressed her opinion to Mrs. Hagart that a change would come with the turn of the night. A little after midnight Miss Kate said, "Margaret?"

Mrs. Hagart went and leant over her.

"I think I am getting into calm water, now. Who is in the room with you?"

"Only Alfred and John."

"I should like to shake hands with them and say good-by." And at the word Mrs. Hagart motioned Alfred who came forward to the bedside.

"Is that you, Alfred Hagart?" said Kate, when she felt his hand.

"It is me," said Alfred, huskily.

"I am glad you are here. I have been able to help you and yours, and it's a pleasant thought now. I'm going away; good-by, good-by. Think as kindly of me as you can when I am gone."

"John?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Our partnership is at an end now, John. Be a good man. Be a good man. You will know how precious goodness is when you come to lie on a bed like this. Is this your hand? God bless and keep you, John."

Miss Kate lay still for a little while, and then she called again, "Margaret?"

"I can't see you, Margaret. Surely the candles are very dim. Have you any message for Katy? Kiss me yet again before I go. O Margaret."

And when on that spring morning sparrows began to chirp about the windows and to carry straw in their bills for nests beneath the slates and in the cosy corners of garfoyles and spouts; and the vegetable-carts to come rolling through the street carrying with them the scent of primroses; and the coffee-shops to open for the benefit of the breakfastless artisan hurrying to work; and the night policemen to disappear from every beat,—in the sunny light of that spring morning Captain Kate, as she had once been called, still and white as a mound of snow, lay in a white bed in Mortimer street, her warfare done, her long campaign closed. Let us draw down the blind and leave the room!

L A Y S E R M O N S .

ROSALIE.

BY ANNA CARSWELL.

"I wish I had never seen you!"

And James Shawmut donned his overcoat, hat, and wool-lined calf-skin mittens, and giving farther vent to his feelings by slamming the street-door after him, took his way to the store.

Very potent and terrible seemed these words to the little lady who sat crying in her rocking-chair for the next hour,—an awful spell that made her happiness a thing of the past, and wrought anguish and desolation in her soul. All this, indeed, they might have been to the loving, ardent, devoted wife, had her husband really meant what he said. But within one hour, he would have declared, in

entire sincerity, that he never said it—"could not have said it, because such an idea never entered his mind." They meant just this—no less, no more—"I'm so cross I don't know what I say or do, and I haven't self-control enough to hold my peace."

But no little bird told this in Rosalie's ear, and her thoughts flew back over the happy past, doubly dear from its contrast with the bitter present. The hour of her betrothal—when she thought herself almost too blessed for earth, and her heart trembled amid its delirious joy! The rambles over hill and dale, by brook and river, and through dim old woods, with sunshine drifting through the foliage, of golden-green, or autumn's gorgeous

hues; the evening sails, watching the western glory; the horseback rides; the happy hours that she had sat at the piano, and he had accompanied her with voice or flute, all these before and since their marriage, and *that!* The flood of joy that wrapped her as a baptism, when she knelt by her husband's side, and the beautiful blessing was called down upon them! Then, by an electric association, came the thought of another hour, of rapture as deep, as intense, when motherhood was written on her brow! Oh! who in her trial-time could have comforted and supported her like James? What tenderness of affection drew her to his manly heart, and showered kisses upon her pale brow! What watchful love soothed and alleviated all that sickness—what willing care encircled her! And on, from that time, two happy years, every hour seemed interwoven with her husband's love and kindness, and oh! what untold enjoyment had their little one brought them—truly doubled in that it came not to one alone, but to united hearts!

Was it all a bright, beautiful, fading dream, that he truly loved her? He had not deceived her. No! she could not believe *that* of him. Sorely grieved she was, and some indignation mingled with her pain, for she was conscious she had not deserved this. She had been a true wife—true in thought, word and deed, to him and his interests. She had given all the wealth of her being to him, the devoted love of an ardent, impassioned nature; and what a return at the hand of him in whose power her whole happiness was intrusted! But, even in the swell of anguished feeling, she did not wrong him. No! he had been sincere when he sought and won her. He had meant truly when he had called her the star of his life, his gem, his flower, his heart's darling, his own precious wife!

But, unwittingly, she had disappointed him—his feelings had changed, and oh! it was too hard to bear! She would be a faithful wife, still; she would do all she could, as heretofore, for her husband's comfort; but to deny herself the caresses he had always so gladly welcomed, to force back the words of tenderness that would spring to her lips, and live without those tokens from him—oh! she could not bear it long—and a wild prayer was welling up from her soul, that it might not be long, that an all-pitying Father would soon draw her from the sphere of earthly life that had for her lost all its beauty—when its utterance was checked by a sweet-toned—"Mamma, take baby!" The little one, tired of her playthings, was standing by her side, and gazing into her face, with a half-inquiring, half-pleading look. Rosalie lifted her into her lap, and as the child nestled in her bosom, the mother drew her closer and closer, with a yearning, passionate clasp.

"Father in Heaven," she murmured, as the snowy lids veiled the violet eyes, and the warm breath came on her cheek, "what have I been saying? Spare me to her—let me not leave her in

a world like this! This is a love worth living for, even through pain and trial." But though the tears flowed more gently, they flowed on, and Rosalie, instead of putting her baby on the bed, as usual, sat still holding her, unconscious of weariness, feeling only her mental suffering.

She grew calm from exhaustion, and tried to busy herself as usual; but the day was very long, her dinner scarcely tasted, her husband having dined down town, from a real, not feigned, business necessity; and by the time he came home to tea, she was worn out and nearly sick.

His day had been passed much as usual, but an examination of his ledger had resulted in a highly satisfactory balance-sheet, besides which, he had made an unusually heavy sale to one of the best established firms in the country. He came home with a brisk step, whistling as he turned the doorway, and feeling quite in haste to tell Rosalie his good success. The vexation of the morning had utterly passed from his mind long before, and he was surprised that his wife did not meet him in the entry, with her accustomed glad welcome. Thinking that either she or the child was not well, he opened the dining-room door, and not finding her there, passed on up stairs to their chamber.

Rosalie sat rocking her baby, and as her husband came in, she raised her hand with a quick gesture, lest he should disturb the little one. He sat down near her, and though the twilight was gathering, he saw that she was very pale, and looked worn and wearied. In a few moments she attempted to rise, and put little Rosalie into bed, but her husband came instantly, and gently taking the baby, tucked her up cozily for the night, while the mother sank back into her rocking-chair, pressing her hand to her forehead, with a sigh of pain and weariness.

"Are you sick to-night, darling?"

Rosalie could scarcely restrain her tears, as her husband said this, in his wonted tones of tender affection, and passing his arm around her, bent down and kissed her brow, "Sick, or only so very tired?"

She controlled her voice enough to say—

"I am tired, and my head aches badly," which was all true.

"How long has it ached, dear?"

"Nearly all day," she replied, but there was a tremor in her tones, and his thoughts went back to breakfast time. He remembered the little vexation, he remembered that he had said some hasty thing, but what, he could not have told. Could a little bird have whispered to him, that his impatient words had cost his Rosalie a day of mental suffering, of which the nervous headache and the utter weariness were results, he would have been astounded. He was really a good husband, and blessed with a good wife; and yet, here, on this seemingly little point, may turn their whole life-story—this might decide their future happiness or grief. If the husband will not exercise self-control,

if he will say hasty words, one tithe, nay, one hundredth part of which he does not mean, will expect entire perfection in his wife, and severely chide her for any oversight or shortcoming—if Rosalie, too, will mind little things, and cannot learn to take her husband as she finds him, but will weigh his words as if they were a written testimony—more than all, if she allow pride, that bitterest antagonist of domestic peace, to bear any sway—if she let her sensitive nature so far prevail as to keep her silent, even; and herein lies her greatest danger, this misunderstanding, small as it is, compared with what might be, is but “the beginning of sorrows.” To borrow a beautiful illustration.* It lies between them now, like a tiny brook; they may walk side by side, for years to come, scarcely heeding its thread between them—they may reach across it, and clasp hands—the world, and even their nearest, dearest friends may never know it is there. But it will flow on, widening gradually, imperceptibly, and by-and-by hands will loose their clasp—a little farther, and their voices will be lost to one another—and at last, there shall be no blending of heart and soul, no communion of spirit, save, it may be, sorrowful thoughts, regretful yearnings—all this lies in the future, unless, *unless* it be overstepped now. One heart-full utterance, one frank word will do it now; but soon it will be too late. Will Rosalie see this? Will she beware of her danger, while as yet safety and peace are within her call? Her husband is a man of unwavering principles, and strong, deep affections, but sensitive, high-spirited, impetuous, and resolute. Rosalie is his first, his only love; for her he would lay down life itself, if need were, but he cannot brook a want of confidence on her part. Anything of this would cause a feeling of injury and slight, and react in a reserve, which once assumed, would be difficult to shake off.

The young wife's head is pillowed on her husband's breast, while he tenderly bathes her temples. This partially relieves the physical pain; the aching heart is somewhat soothed—not healed, as yet, for Rosalie has but a glimmering of the truth. She thinks her husband loves her now; but affection that has once wavered, may waver again; her feeling of perfect trust, the happy security of her love, has fled, and what shall ever compensate its loss? But a deeper dread rankles in her soul. That he regrets his hasty words, as unveiling what for her sake he would have concealed—that the wish is in his heart, real, abiding; that his after life will be a *striving* to fulfil his marriage vow—fraught with kindness indeed, and all the love in his power to bestow, but a disappointed, half compulsory affection, not the spontaneous, joyful offering she had been wont to receive. Only the music of the caged bird, in place of the wild, free, gushing melody of the woodlands.

The tea-bell rang. “Do not try to go down stairs, Rosalie,” said James. “Let me bring you some tea and toast.”

But Rosalie thanked him, and said she felt better; she would rather go to the table. So she poured his tea, as usual, and he did not expect her to talk.

The meal was soon over, and at his suggestion she lay down on the sofa, but gently declined his offer to read aloud. Her good angel seemed to urge her to confide in her husband; but a strange, or perhaps a woman-like reticence held back the tormenting doubt, and concealed the weary pain.

Perhaps half an hour had passed, as she lay, outwardly quiet, but wrapped in painful musing, when, whether by some subtle link of association or by a direct inspiration, flashed into her mind, the words, “And they twain shall be one flesh.”

“One flesh!” What right had she to conceal aught from her husband? Or he from her? The effort toward that deep, mystical union, a true marriage, implies, involves entire confidence. Perfect truth must keep watch and guard over wedded love, that it may be held entire, intact, unhurt. This Rosalie knew well, and thus far her practice had accorded with this truth. Her blossoming maidenhood had been pure as a white lily from deceit or guile; and this characteristic, as much as any, had won James Shawmut's heart—aye, and will hold it, too!

Her husband finished his evening paper somewhat earlier than usual, and sat down beside her.

“Are you better, dear?” he asked, with the old caressing movement of his hand over her brow and temples. The tone, the touch unnerved Rosalie, and she gave way to a gush of tears. She was drawn to her husband's breast, and tenderly soothed.

“Tell me, dear,” he whispered.

“Oh! James,” she sobbed, “do you love me as well as ever?”

“Love you? My darling!” and he drew her still closer to his heart, while his warm kisses fell like rain.

“Do you?” she repeated. “Tell me! I don't know how to live without all your love, and you said this morning—”

“Well, dear, what did I say?” he asked, seeing Rosalie hesitate. “I was cross and unreasonable, I know. I was in fault, and I honestly ask your forgiveness. But I don't know what I said.”

“Oh! James, you said you wished you had never seen me.”

“Darling, no! You must be mistaken. I could not have said that. My own heart's treasure, my peerless wife! Look in my eyes, darling, and read me more truly than that.”

“Oh! James, do you mean you *never* wish so?”

“My wife, to take you from me would be to take the heart out of my bosom!”

She nestled down to his breast like a weary dove that has found its home again. It was still

*Jean Ingelow's Poems.

to be her sure resting-place, her shelter, her protection. And her husband resolved to "love and cherish" more thoughtfully, more carefully, in future, the gentle wife whose whole happiness was centered in her love.

Their evening prayer was offered with peace in their hearts. And a day like this never again shadowed their home. The husband was more self-controlled, more careful as to the truth of his words, and though he sometimes gave way in part to nervous irritation, and said what he would afterwards have been glad to recall, Rosalie knew him too well to be grieved as at first, or doubt his love. A mutual remembrance that each was "only human," a mutual and unshaken confidence in each other's affection, and an outspoken frank-

ness that permitted no hidden festering, cleared their sky of many a cloud.

Ah! if man and woman, and especially husband and wife, would in all things do as they would be done by, heaven would come down to earth. But, knowing, as we do, that this, in its wide scope of beauty and blessing, is too much to look for, even from our nearest, dearest, best ones, in mortal frame, one thing more stands sure. If we would but throw aside our flimsy disguises, silence our pride, and "speak the truth in love," not bitterness, many a novel might be spoiled, but many a heart-ache spared, and we should be less likely to be fellow-hinderers instead of fellow-helpers, in the way to heaven.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BABY'S WORK.

BY M. D. R. E.

What! has baby anything to do? That little pink morsel of humanity, with its dainty dimpled hands crumpled up as the petals are within a rosebud, its blue eyes half open "like harebells wet with dew," and its wee crimson mouth showing the one budding pearl that has set the household agape with wonder for the last fortnight or so—has baby a work to do?

Nothing less. Ever since its advent some five or six months ago into that happy home, its little life has been the charm of the family circle. It has been a constant "well-spring of pleasure," the tie that knit heart to heart. How it would be missed, if the Sovereign of Life and Death should see fit to reclaim His own gift, and bear the precious gem away to shine in His everlasting crown! What could repay the sorrowing parents for their darling—for its artless smiles, its many winsome ways—for the clasp of its little hand—for the patter of its soft footsteps that was such music to their ears? Then they feel the vanity of all worldly possessions, since no treasure of earth can bring back again to their yearning embrace this beloved one of their fold. But they learn the lesson of looking up, when the Good Shepherd takes their lamb into His own arms, and leads it beside the ever green pastures and still waters of the Paradise above. Baby's mission has been well fulfilled, if it has thus led the way along the shining road.

A babe in the house has a transforming power upon all who come within the sphere of its magic influence. The young mother may have been in her girlhood a merry, thoughtless creature, gay as any butterfly of fashion, and caring as little about the stern realities of life. But if she have any

tenderness in her nature, any germ of what is really good and great, any half-formed purposes and aims to be purer and holier, these will develop themselves and take character and strength from her new and endearing relation. Lost must she be to every principle of duty, every impulse of maternity, who can put away from her the loving tasks and sweet cares that belong to young motherhood. The mere nestling of that little head on her bosom—the clasp of those tiny fingers—the very helplessness of her babe—are like finely drawn cords to keep her from the world and its frivolities. Will she not resolve for its sake to be a better, truer woman in future—strive to fit herself for its guide and instructor—pray more earnestly for grace and wisdom from above—and try harder to gain the victory over self, that she may be its example in all good things? Have you not sometimes seen this change in the young wife and mother? This, then, is baby's work.

Baby's work is sure to bear fruit if it be the eldest of a large family of children. Before another takes its place in the nursery, the mother has learned well the lessons of patience and self-control that the care of her first-born imposed upon her. She has educated herself, while she was fulfilling the holy trust committed to her hands. She has gained experience of the difficulties that lie in her pathway, and is prepared to encounter those which will still rise before her. If baby's work has been well done in teaching her the duties of her new position, she has been in return faithful in training her first-born in the right way; and may look to have a powerful coadjutor in the family circle.

How often we see this to be the case—the elder daughter taking the place of the mother in her absence, and lessening the burdens by sharing her cares! How apt the little ones are to imitate the

tones and gestures of this sister, who may, perhaps, be the very counterpart of the maternal parent! If the influence of the latter has not been for good, anger and bitterness and clamor prevail, until the erring mother beholds herself too late, as in a glass, reflected back in the faces and dispositions of her children. Whenever you witness such scenes of discord and contention among the children of a family, and hear the scolding voice that accompanies the hasty blow, administered by one but little older than the rest, you may rely upon it that baby's work was not allowed its due accomplishment in the old nursery days, and has effected no wholesome change in the maternal breast.

Many of the inferior circumstances of life and family arrangements depend upon the baby. For its sake the parents are contented to live frugally, to deprive themselves of many advantages and luxuries, that the wants of its better nature may be supplied—that they may be able to give it such an education as will fit the young aspirant for stations of honor and usefulness. Whether wisely or unwisely, most people look forward to “setting up” their children in business, although they may themselves have been obliged to struggle hard in making their way in the world. Their very love for their children makes them shrink from having them encounter the hardships and discouragements that they themselves have met with. When this desire to advance their children in life leads them to employ the best means

for enlarging their minds and storing them with useful knowledge, improving their intellectual powers, and making them true, self-reliant, and live men and women, the help is judiciously applied. Therefore, when it is their aim to give all the advantages of education to their children, they determine the bounds of their habitation thereby, choosing such locations as may be in the neighborhood of schools and colleges, and affording the best society. They will even sometimes leave all the ties of kindred and the ancient landmarks behind them, and go out to make new homes in the wilderness for the sake of their children, where there is land enough and to spare, and where a hardy, enterprising and stalwart race are springing up to battle for the right.

Seeing, then, that we may be led by the hand of a little child, that in educating our offspring we are learning the discipline of life, that their influence may and will be felt by those who are younger, that their well being and happiness determine many of our important steps in life, think not, oh young mother, of your babe as a mere plaything, as a new toy that you may trifle with as you please, but realize that it is sent to accomplish a work in the world, and that you are hindering or helping its mission, as you neglect or improve the lessons it teaches you.

If your mother-life has been broadened and brightened by that child-life, which is so mysteriously linked to your own, baby's work has not been in vain.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

“OUR SQUIRREL CAGE.”

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

The cage unoccupied stood on the bench under the hickory tree until the snow-flakes came down and drifted around the wheel, and blocked up the door, and made it look like a farmer's house seen far in the distance. The roads grew firm and the air clear, making the lungs strong and the arms as steel, and the stove, like a roaring giant, kept smoking and hissing, and calling for “Wood, more wood!” and so one morning there came a hasty packing of the dinner basket, the grinding of an axe, and the starting to the woods of the head of the family for a new supply of fuel.

The long day wore to a close, and both the owner of the cage and the younger brother, and little Ed., were home from school, impatient for supper, and tumbling about, and opening doors, and wondering every five minutes “why father did not come;” when there came the crackling of snow at the back door, the heavy stamping of feet, and a moment later a manly form with whiskers white as wool with frost was inside the door.

“Here, boys, is something for your cage,” was the greeting exclamation, as he deposited his inside coat, that hung across his arm, carefully upon the floor, and turned to the glowing stove to thaw his frozen beard.

“What is it, father?” questioned three voices, simultaneously, while Sam sprang for the coat and had it in his arms ready for search.

“Not too fast, or you will have as sore a hand as mine,” and he held up a finger jagged in one or two places, and covered with blood. “The little rogues can bite I have found out to my sorrow; but they are the prettiest things, even handsomer than your gray squirrel; and they can fly. Did you ever see a flying squirrel?”

“Oh, a flying squirrel! Hurrah! Hurrah!” and Sam turned a summersault and bounded up and spread his arms—as if he would fly too if he had not been encumbered with feet.

“Softly, Sam! Don't take the roof quite off this cold weather. There were four of them, but I could only secure two in my coat sleeve; and the little rascals almost took my finger off. But bring

in your cage and let it thaw while we are eating supper."

The owner of the cage, careful as usual, brushed off the snow and scraped with a knife all the icy particles that adhered to it before he brought it into the house, and then finished his supper with the rest; and by the time the chairs were set back from the table it was dry and warm, and ready for a bed of cotton wool for the new comers.

"Now be careful, Sam, and hold the door half closed as I untie the sleeve and place the end inside the cage. I hope the squirrels will run in without trouble. We should have a time if they got loose, for when they cannot run they can fly, and when they cannot fly they can run," was the order of our experienced head, as we grouped upon the floor ready for operations.

The door was shut upon the welcome pets with an exulting click, and then hickory nuts were cracked and placed inside, and a dish of water, and the cage set at the back part of the room for the night.

Then it was the old story over—days passing by without a glimpse of the squirrels, and the trick of trying to blow through the air-hole in the roof to send them into the wheel proved a failure, and for a week not a sight could we obtain of them. Wake any time in the night, and we could hear them in the wheel, or chasing each other about, or chattering in *their* way. The owner of the cage, at last, in disgust, pronounced it a nuisance, and suggested the refitting of an old bird cage where we could see all through it, and so he and Sam constructed a chamber floor in one, with an opening at the side of it, and placed a new supply of cotton wool upon it; then left the squirrels in a tight room over night, with the door of their house unfastened, expecting them to escape from their quarters before morning. Their expectations proved true, and after quite a search, one of the squirrels was found coosely hid between the table-spread and the table, and the other in the folds of a curtain. Then came our first glimpse of a squirrel flying. His fore and hind paws, were connected with a soft, flexible web, and he flattened like a mink skin ready for drying upon a board, and sailed half across the room to the floor. The boys all chased him up and down and across the room, till the bell rang for school, and then they fastened up the room with many injunctions against its being opened, until they returned at noon, and left the prisoners with liberty.

It took an older head than theirs to plan the recapture of the squirrels, and so their father was consulted, and he, with thick buckskin mitten upon his hand, suggested that if we could find them secreted as before he would grasp both cover and squirrel in his hand and place it inside the door. One was under the tidy of the chair, and was captured without trouble, but the other ran from the table to the window, then sailed like a bird just beyond reach, then scampered to a dis-

tant corner, then up the chair-back, and from that to the stand, and over our feet and around our hands, and close by our noses, until the perspiration stood in drops on our foreheads, and eight hands and eight feet sunk in estimation into insignificance beside the little running, jumping, flying sprite, that led us such a chase. The door was fastened again until night, and then we suddenly threw a cloth over the squirrel as he hid in a corner, and placed him with the other squirrel, and brought the cage out to lamplight.

They could not hide away any more, and we watched their pretty round eyes as they peeped from the cotton, and saw their soft fur and flexible webs, and touched them with a stick, till they would run down below and around the cage and up again into their nest. Days passed into weeks, but we could not coax them to be very tame. We had to be cautious when we passed a finger between the wires to touch their velvet robe, for fear of a quick turn of their head and the sharp incision of a tooth; and they would never nibble at anything while held by our fingers. They did not seem to like the light, and would lie all day, when not disturbed, cuddled up in the cotton without even a tail or ear visible; but after the evening lamp had been lighted some time, they would begin their gambols, even if the cage was held upon our knees. They would eat a nut, holding it in their paws like a red squirrel; then they would chase each other up and down and around the cage, and chatter and squeal and pat their bed, which had all day resembled a round mound of snow, as flat as the floor, until we all wondered how it ever could be made light again.

Upon every holiday we would carry them into the parlor, and take our clothes-bars, which were made with a centre pole that would spread out like a tent frame, and adjust it in the middle of the room, and then darken the windows partially, and open the cage and let the squirrels free. We would sit still in one corner, or lie as if asleep upon the floor, and they would run up the clothes-bars one after the other, and sail off to the table—for though they are called flying squirrels, they can only fly or sail off and downward to a lower position. One would bite at the other's claws and make it squeal, and he would turn and run after his playmate close by us, and over our feet, and up the corner of the room to the top of the door-casing, and there they would chatter until a flying impulse sent them to the other side of the floor.

A favorite position was the back of a large rocking-chair, one on each side, and playing at each other through it like diminutive kittens, then sailing to another one, and running up the sides and across the rounds, till we were tired as well as they, and then we would let in the light, and they would hide under some spread.

One day we let them out, and it happened that all the household except Sam went away from home to stay over night. The squirrels were eager

for play, and there was no replacing them in the cage in a hurry, and so, with a dozen injunctions to Sam before leaving, to keep all the doors to the room shut till they could be housed, and to secure the cat a prisoner somewhere, and to be sure and not forget them, he was left with the responsibilities.

When the family returned the next day the squirrels were gone. Sam still persists in saying that he could have made bread like Eve with the sweat of his brow, he chased them so hard, and

that no one could have caught them if he had turned summersaults as fast as a bomb-shell, and that not a door or window had been opened.

There was no other theory after Sam's asseverations but to conclude that the squirrels vanished in air; but the owner of the cage, not being given to imagination, made a careful search in the parlor and found a small hole in a pane of the upper sash of the window, and that explained how we lost our pets.

BEREA, OHIO.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO AVOID THE PESTILENCE.

No. 2.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

The victims of epidemics are those who have previously lived regardless of healthful habits, thus rendering vitality too weak for recuperative effort. The extent and appalling nature of epidemics, in all countries and ages, proves the dearth of sanitary knowledge and habits among the inhabitants. Their alarming effects ought to arouse the minds of individuals and society to the necessity of true healthful habits. There is too much excitement and too little reflection in society. Many follow as they are led without thinking whether they are led right or wrong. They do not understand that effects have causes, and in relation to health, they do not possess sufficient light to trace the cause of ill health, and fatal mortality. Would society employ physicians to lecture to the people and instruct them as to the means of preserving health, they would do far more good than in attending them solely when sick.

When epidemics visit individuals, families, and towns, people are alarmed, still they may unconsciously cherish unhealthy habits that sooner or later may prove more injurious to their health than the epidemic to an observer of healthful laws.

No intelligent person pretends to deny that the healthful action of the body and mind of the drunkard is injured by the liquor he drinks. People expect to see him drop into a premature grave, and they often rejoice when he is suddenly removed from earth. They who would have cherished his memory most tenderly, had he lived a sober and temperate life, shudder with horror in his presence. But who in their lifetime showed them their error? who cared enough for their souls to beseech them, often, kindly and faithfully, to break off from this evil habit, and in their first steps of weakness strengthen them with strong resolutions, and kindly encouragement? Who will teach the drunkard the baneful influence of the intoxicating cup, and save a soul from death, and a human mind from misery, and the commission of the greatest crimes in society. Physicians may teach people temperate habits, and it is their duty to do it. It is in their power to turn many from the dark paths of intemperance, to the peaceful and sanitary road of temperance and usefulness.

The daily indulgence of any narcotic poison, for years, renders the system almost powerless to disease. The blood becomes unfitted to nourish the system,

the muscles become weakened, the nerves lose their rallying power—and the victim falls into an early grave. The liquor drinker, the opium taker, and the tobacco user, are victims to an insane and health-destroying habit.

We may not be able to convince society that the habitual use of tobacco, in all its forms, is deleterious to health, for people prove, by its use, that their knowledge of this poisonous plant is very limited and deficient. Little dreams the innocent smoker how unhealthy his fumes of tobacco make the air which he and others must inhale into their lungs. Little thinks the affectionate husband that he is thus gradually poisoning his cherished wife and children, and when he sees them diseased, faded and stupid, as all who breathe tobacco smoke sooner or later become, he expects the physician to restore to them the bloom of health—the vigor of youth. He is not aware of the injurious results of inhaling the air of an imperfectly ventilated room, he thinks not that women and children are less accustomed to out-door exercise than he, and less able to overcome the injurious results of breathing such foul air.

Many a woman, many a child, languishes with ill health, or droop and die from breathing the air of rooms made foul by the thoughtless smoker. Let the smoker be just, humane, and thoughtful; if he does not wish to bring disease upon himself or his friends, let him then cease the unhealthy habit of smoking and he may aid in avoiding the pestilence.

CHEERFULNESS IN AGE.—As oft as I hear the robin red-breast chant as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of summer, why should not we (think I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary frost hairs of our age's winter as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sun in prosperity? I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness as well at the approach of calamity's winter as of the spring of happiness.—*Warwick.*

When Dr. Beecher was on his dying bed a ministerial brother said to him, "Dr. Beecher, you know a great deal; tell us what is the greatest of all things." He replied, "It is not theology; it is not controversy; it is to save souls."

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts un-
drew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffel, 't was morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,

So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each buttling away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—over that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay
spur!"

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix,"—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I.

Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his
roar

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and ail,

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Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise bad
or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burghesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

LABOR.

BY MRS. FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is given.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing:
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing:
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—"Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in
tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow.
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health!—Lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride, sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides!
Labor is wealth!—In the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round
thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
 Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God

OUR SISTER.

Up many flights of crazy stairs,
 Where oft one's head knocks unawares;
 With a rickety table and without chairs,
 And only a stool to kneel to prayers,
 Dwells our sister.

There is no carpet upon the floor,
 The wind whistles in through the cracks of the door;
 One might reckon her miseries now by the score,
 But who feels an interest in one so poor?
 Yet she is our sister!

She once was blooming and young and fair,
 With bright blue eyes and auburn hair;
 Now the rose is eaten with cankered care,
 And her poor face is marked with a grim despair—
 Our poor sister!

When at early morning, to rest her head,
 She throws herself on her weary bed,
 Longing to sleep the sleep of the dead,
 Since youth, and health, and love are fled—
 Pity our sister!

But the bright sun shines on her and me,
 And on mine and hers, as on thine and thee,
 And whatever our lot in life may be,
 Whether of low or high degree—
 Still she's our sister! always our sister!
 Pity her, succor her, pray for our sister!

Household Words.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
 The charging trumpets blow;
 Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
 No earthquake strives below.

And calm and patient, Nature keeps
 Her ancient promise well,
 Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
 The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
 Through harvest happy farms,
 And still she wears her fruits and flowers
 Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
 This joy of eve and morn,
 The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
 And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
 And hearts with hate are hot;
 But even paced come round the years,
 And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
 With songs our groans of pain;
 She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
 The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
 Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
 Too near to God for doubt or fear,
 She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
 The fires that blast and burn;
 For all the tears of blood we sow
 She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
 The good of suffering born,—
 The hearts that blossom like her flowers
 And ripen like her corn.

Oh! give to us, in times like these,
 The vision of her eyes;
 And make her fields and fruited trees
 Our golden prophecies!

Oh! give to us her finer ear!
 Above this stormy din,
 We, too, would hear the bells of cheer
 Ring peace and freedom in!

THE WIFE'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. AREY.

The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
 The kettle sings for tea;
 The cloth is spread, the lamps alight,
 The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,
 And now I wait for thee!

Come home, love, home! thy task is done;
 The clock ticks listlessly;
 The blinds are shut, the curtains down,
 The arm chair to the fireside drawn,
 Our boy upon my knee.

Thy task is done, we miss thee here;
 Where'er thy footsteps roam,
 No hand will spread such kindly cheer,
 No beating heart, no listening ear
 Like those which wait at home!

Aha! along the crisp walks, fast
 That well-known step doth come;
 The bolt is drawn—the gate is past,
 The babe is wild with joy at last,—
 A thousand welcomes home!

THE WILD CHERRY-TREE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh,—there never was yet so fair a thing,
 By racing river or bubbling spring,
 Nothing that ever so gayly grew
 Up from the ground when the skies were blue,
 Nothing so brave—nothing so free
 As thou,—my wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
 Jove! how it frolicked amongst the trees!
 Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
 Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown!
 Oak or ash—what matter to thee?
 'Twas the same to my wild, wild Cherry-tree.

Never at rest, like one that's young
 Abroad to the winds its arms is flung,
 Shaking its bright and crowned head,
 Whilst I stole up for its berries red—
 Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!
 Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
 And I see thy branches against the sky,
 I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
 I see (nay I taste) thy berries red,
 And I shout—like the tempest loud and free,
 Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry-tree!

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

MY SUICIDE CAT.

She seemed destined to misfortune from the very day of her birth for she was wholly blind in one eye, and was "foreshortened," not very artistically, in one leg on the day that I first saw her. Scarcely had the sun gone down upon that day (which was always a day of wrath at our house) when a little nest of kittens was discovered by grandmother under the cellar stairs, and she brought the four little innocents into the sitting-room where we were preparing for bed, and exclaimed in a tone of triumph—"There! I knew they were somewhere about the house. I've been looking for them a week, and now I've found them."

"Oh," we all exclaimed in a breath, trying to look very innocent of the regret we felt, for grandmother had found out our secret as well as that of the poor old mother cat. Early in the morning, peering about as children do, into all sorts of odd corners, we had accidentally come upon old pussy cunningly rolled up in a torn blanket, with her little ones all asleep about her. How many speculations of future bliss we had based upon this discovery. There were just four of them—one apiece for all of us, and very soon they were distributed, each one making a selection of a favorite except myself. For being the youngest I had not dared to assert any claim until those of the other three, all boys, and claiming the prior right of sex, were fully satisfied.

Then I took the tiniest one of the lot, which had been unanimously rejected by the rest on account of its small size and unpromising appearance, and because even at this early age it was discovered to have something wrong about one of its eyes.

All these matters had been settled in a very quiet consultation held in a corner of the cellar, where no sound of its import could reach grandmother's ears—for the good old lady, tender and considerate towards most animals, yet seemed to cherish an especial spite towards all little kittens, and when they were unfortunate enough to be born into our family, they were met by grandma upon the very threshold of existence with the rather unpromising welcome—"Well, what shall I do with you? Drown you, or give you away?"

The problem of life (that is of kitten life) always seemed to take this form of statement in her mind, and she solved it accordingly. It was no matter how irresistibly cunning they looked as they rolled themselves up in little woolly balls in the straw, or how plendly they gazed out of their soft brown eyes; or how they turned over on their backs, and held their paws up in the air, and winked at her saucily, as though they didn't for an instant believe she was cruel enough to destroy such pretty innocent life. She was inexorable. And if, after due searching, no friend or neighbor could be found who would take them, the hired man was despatched to the brook a quarter of a mile distant, and a basket on his arm held the little martyrs, whose only crime was the misfortune of having been born into this heartless world. We children followed, sorrowing, for a little way, and then, returning, played funeral in remembrance of the early lost, raised a monument in the garden to their memory, and soon forgot our griefs in a new pot, or a piece of mince pie.

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Old pussy had learned long ago the inevitable fate of her unfortunate race, and now was wont cunningly to secrete them as long as possible from the knowledge of her mistress, and we children, too, had gained wisdom from sad experience, and hence our secrecy upon the present occasion.

"Well," said grandmother, presenting the subject in the usual form, as she laid the unfortunates upon the table, "shall they be drowned, or given away?" We children preserved discreet but sorrowful silence, making no suggestions, hoping even against hope for some interposition in our favor. The sentence was not so utterly hopeless in this instance as we had feared, for Tim Riley, the man-of-all-work had, he said, a friend living about a mile distant, who would be glad to take the kittens and rear them for purposes of his own.

So just in the gray twilight of the winter's day Tim departed with the basket on his arm, as he had so often done before, and we, from the window, watched him as he strode over the ice and snow towards the house of his friend, and then we went quietly to bed, and lost sight of our sorrow in the visions of slumber. Early in the morning I was aroused by loud talking in the kitchen, and exclamations of surprise, as though some unusual event had taken place—and with my childish curiosity all awakened I crept out in my night-gown and peeped in at the kitchen door. There stood grandma, her arms akimbo, and astonishment beaming from every feature, as she gazed at the hearth where lay the old mother cat and her four little kittens.

"Well, I never," she said, "who would have believed such a thing possible."

"Nobody, to be sure, ma'am," said Tim Riley, who also stood by. "I carried them myself away last night, and when I came out in the mornin' there they lay all on the door-step, and the old mother wid 'em, and so I brought them in and put them by the warm stove as ye see them, ma'am."

"Well, I never," said grandmother again. "That cat must have brought those kittens singly, one by one, in her mouth for more than a mile. She deserves to keep them now—I won't send them back again."

Now we children clapped our hands for joy when this decision was made known, and how we rejoiced in our recovered treasures. But our happiness did not last long, for after a few weeks, when they had grown up into bright, active little creatures, and were just beginning to frolic so merrily with us, other people won by their cunning ways began to covet them for their own, and so grandmother at length gave them all away. All but mine—for no one envied me the little, lame, one-eyed melancholy pussy which was my especial pet and solace, and who beside myself seemed never to make a single friend in this cold-hearted world. I suppose it was partially owing to her physical defects that her fortunes were so adverse, for one needs to have all his faculties in perfect condition in order to succeed at all in life's struggle, and she was partially blind as I have said, so that she could not readily see that danger threatened, and as lame that she could not easily get out of harm's way. So, after a little, she lost one ear and a portion of her tail in a skirmish with a fierce dog, who would have

stolen her plate of milk one day, and then she looked uglier than before. But I loved her through all her misfortunes. The pertinacity with which life clung to her, (for she did not seem to care for life) was remarkable. Though she was threatened with death at the hands of the street boys, and was actually shot at twice by an ill-natured neighbor: though she fell into the soap barrel and was almost smothered in her stifling bath; though she was nearly "cured" to death with the hams in the smoke-house, still she dragged out her miserable existence for two years, and had three or four sickly children of her own which were early consigned to oblivion. After each respite from the jaws of death she looked reproachfully at me, who was always her deliverer, as though she could have wished I had known life was such a burden to her, and could have allowed her to depart in peace from its trials and sorrows.

At length she took the matter into her own hands, and resolved to settle the question "to be, or not to be," which had so long agitated her life; and one bright summer's day she put an end to her miserable existence by deliberate suicide. She jumped into the well which stood close by the door, and with one mournful wail bade adieu to the world and all its vexations and cares.

My sorrow in this affliction knew no bounds. We had a funeral, as usual upon such occasions, and all the children of the neighborhood were invited to assist in the ceremonies, and listen to the funeral oration delivered by a miniature Mark Antony about my own age, and we raised an elaborate monument over the body, and even ventured an inscription, eulogistic and appropriate, (in her death all her defects were forgotten,) but all this did not avail to soften my grief. For many days I was quite inconsolable.

My oldest brother, then sixteen, with a natural talent for versification, always stimulated by any event of ludicrous character, wrote some verses on the occasion, which he read and presented to me, as he said, with mock gravity, for my consolation under so deep an affliction.

Looking over an old package of papers the other day, musty, and yellow, and time stained, I came upon these rhymes, carefully preserved all these years, and they brought the remembrance of my poor pet's afflictions and her tragic end fresh before me, and I bethought me to make a little sketch of the same and enclose with the verses to the "Home Circle."

THE SUICIDE CAT.

Oh, heard ye that desolate cry, whose swell,
Came ringing up from the deep, dark well,
'Twas the last she uttered, our poor old cat!
And a sad and mournful cry was that.
'Twas a cry of repentance which came too late
When she saw the worst of her mournful fate.
For she, poor pussy! had met with strife,
Few mice and much sorrow in this dark life.
Had often been choked with a troublesome bone,
Or choked with anger because she had none,
Had wept o'er her kittens which lay in the straw,
And shivered and mewed when the weather was raw,
And had cried with vexation at life and its woes,
When some one unluckily trod on her toes,
And so she determined to suffer no more,
But run the bark of her being ashore.
She has gone, poor pussy, has bidden adieu
To the friendless world and its friendless crew;
To the rats she loved—to the bones she picked—
To the nest she warmed—and the platter she licked.
But perhaps she had sorrows—ah! poor suicide!
For which many wiser than she would have died,

Perhaps she was pining almost broken hearted,
The light of her life in a lover departed,
Who—forgetting the vows he had chanted so sweetly,
Had fled like a ghost in the morning completely.
Yes, she might have been love-sick, but we cannot tell,
And all that we know is—she plunged in the well.
Poor suicide cat! Poor suicide cat!
A sad day for thee, and a sad plunge was that.

MINNIE.

OUR REMAINING NATIONAL CURSE.

The Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, which met in Philadelphia last summer, instructed its permanent Executive Committee to prepare and publish a paper on intemperance, addressed to the young men of the country. It is now published, and we give it a prominent place in our magazine:—

YOUNG MEN!—There is a great work for us to do. A special work which must be done now. A work in which every young man can do something. A work which can never be done better than it can be done now.

Our remaining great national curse must be fought and conquered. The power of the STRONG DRINK interest must be broken. The spread of drunkenness must be stopped, or we are lost.

The putting down of drunkenness, and the reforming of drunkards, is a work worthy of Him whose name we bear.

How can we help on with the work?

1. *Let every young man set an example of abstinence from strong drink!*

There is no occasion for a healthy man to use liquor at all. It does not strengthen the arm; it does not clear the head; it does not brighten the eye; it does not make the footstep firmer; it does not make the man who uses it more industrious, more useful, more lovely, or a more worthy member of society. It does not make him more of a gentleman.

Even when sick, strong drink is better avoided, or used sparingly, under positive medical prescription. Many men make drunkards of themselves by continuing to use, as a beverage, strong drink which has been prescribed as a medicine. Young man, you do not so continue the use of Epsom salts, castor oil, or mustard plasters, after recovery from sickness.

To drink liquor is dangerous. To abstain from it, in spite of temptation to use it, is noble. The temptation is presented everywhere. In the restaurant where we eat our dinner, the cut-glass decanters of fiery poison face us like batteries posted for our destruction: in the social gathering, the mixture of alcohol and logwood, which bears the high sounding name of some celebrated wine, is thrust upon us under the guise of hospitality and good cheer; at the wedding, some intoxicating mixture is set before us, and we are told that we are guilty of rudeness if we do not partake of it; in the family closet the jug of brandy, or the bottle of vile "bitters," invites to the private pursuit of a course which proves, in the end, even as bitter as gall and wormwood.

If by abstaining, you can prevent one friend or brother from becoming a drunkard, the sacrifice on your part, of the pleasure of pouring filthy stimulants down your throat, will not be in vain.

2. *Deal very kindly with the drunkard.*

There is a general disposition to kick the poor fellow, to speak harshly to him, or, at best, to let him alone, as a degraded specimen of humanity. This is wrong. He is besotted, it is true, because of his beastly appetite; but that appetite has been goaded

on by the seller of strong drink, and the seller of strong drink has been allowed to pursue his fiendish business with little hindrance on the part of Christian people, beyond an occasional (not very forcible) remonstrance. The drunkard, fallen though he may be, is our brother. We cannot get rid of our responsibility by saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is our business to do all we can to reform and restore him to decency and to Christianity, and what we do must be done in the spirit of our Master.

3. *Help down with the rum trade.*

Its profits have been so great that it has become a mighty power in the land. No outrage or indecency is too great for it to commit. For gain, it makes merchandise of the souls of its victims; it ruins families; it breaks up the peace of households; it makes widows and orphans; it fills almshouses, jails and penitentiaries. It fattens pauper graveyards with the remains of its victims. It not only controls primary meetings, elections, and legislative assemblies; but it is protected by law to such an extent, that, while it is permitted to make wrecks of men, their outraged widows have no recourse on the destroyer of their happiness.

The slave trade was bad. The slave auctions were horrible. The dealer in human flesh was voted to be a low wretch, who could not gain admission into decent society.

The liquor trade is, if possible, worse. The bartering of a man's soul across a bar-counter, for glass after glass of mean whisky, is fully as vile as to sell his body by auction. As the slave-dealer was held accursed, so let society frown on the maker and the seller, wholesale or retail, by the hoghead or by the small, of distilled perdition, until every vender of the poison shall, by force of public opinion, if not of law, be driven out of a life of crime and dishonesty into some decent business, on which he can consistently ask the blessing of God. To this end we must,

4. *Awaken the people to action.*

Present indications show that the people are beginning to think on this matter as they have not thought for years. People will listen to addresses and lectures on the subject, as they have not listened to them, and will crowd to temperance meetings as they have not before crowded. We dare not neglect such a favorable time for following up the work as this points the present to be.

What, then, is our duty?

To use every possible individual effort, in personal example, in writing, speaking and laboring for the reform of drunkards and the suppression of drunkenness.

To labor as bodies of Christian men, to arouse the people by public meetings and otherwise. No work comes more legitimately within the sphere of Young Men's Christian Associations than this. No work can be more readily done. No work promises better or speedier results.

Open your halls and churches. Call the people together. Get your best speakers; ministers, lawyers, statesmen, merchants, clerks—anybody who has heart and brains to speak, and voice to command the people's attention. Persuade the men and the women that there is a mighty work to be done, and show them how to do it.

Slavery and slave-dealing are DEAD! God hastened their death in ways which his people hardly dared to expect. Persistent warfare, and brave continuance in God's strength, may bring this ten-fold more pernicious course of drunkenness to a like complete defeat. Let us never cease to pray and labor for this end, till

such a degree of public enthusiasm is aroused, and such wholesome laws are enacted and executed, as shall tumble this relic of barbarism, this blot on civilization, into the same ditch in which the lately deceased "moral evil" found its final resting-place.

"WATCH YE, STAND FAST IN THE FAITH, QUIT YOU LIKE MEN, BE STRONG!"

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

Come, let us look close to it, 'tis a very ugly word,
One that should make us shudder whenever it is heard,
It mayn't be always wicked but must be always bad—
And speaks of sin and suffering, enough to make one

sad,

Folks tell us 'tis a compound word, and that is very true,

And then they discompose it, which of course they're free to do,

But why of the twelve letters should they cut off the first three,

And leave the nine remaining ones as sad as sad can be?

For though they seem to make it less, in fact they make it more,

And let the brute creation in which was left out before.

Let's try if we can't mend it—it's possible we may, if only we divide it in some new fashioned way.

Suppose instead of three and nine, we make it four and eight,

You say 'twill make a difference at least not very great.

But only see the consequence—that's all that need be done

To change the mass of misery to unmitigated fun;

It clears of swords and pistols, prescriptions, bowie knives,

And all the horrid weapons by which men lose their lives—

It calls up nature's voice, and, how joyfully is heard The native sound of merriment compressed into one word!

Yes, four and eight, may that, my friend, be ever yours and mine,

Though all the host of demons rejoice in three and nine.

II.

A lady sat in an ancient hall—

She was my first, and she was tall;

And on her cheeks, which were fair I ween,

No trace of my second could now be seen.

Yet they came as a knight, who entered now,

First to the lady making his bow,

Said, "Fair maid, accept I pray,

This bunch of my whole, which I plucked by the way."

III.

Adam had my first, 'tis true,

So had Mother Eve;

If you have a good one, too,

Prithee do not grieve;

For a smaller quantity

You may in my second see.

If you were my whole, I doubt

If you e'er could find me out.

IV.

Write a letter on sense,

And then you will see

What this simple riddle

Most assuredly will be.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the difference between young ladies and looking-glasses?—The former speaks without reflecting, the latter reflect without speaking.

2. What do you suppose Neptune would say when he lost the empire of the sea?—I have not an ocean (a notion.)

3. What creatures took the least luggage into the ark?—The fox and the cock, for they had only a brush and comb between them.

4. When is it dangerous to enter a church?—When there is a canon in the reading-desk, and a great gun in the pulpit.

5. What is the difference between a honeymoon and a honeycomb?—One is a great sell and the other a lot of little cells.

6. What is the worst kind of sympathy?—To be pitied (pitied) by the small pox.

7. What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David?—We read that the Philistines were hemmed in on every side.

8. Why is a lawyer's profession not only legal, but

religious?—It involves a knowledge of the law and love of the profits.

9. Why is a letter like a flock of sheep?—Because it is penned and folded.

10. When a gentleman announces his marriage to a friend, what flower does the friend usually mention?—Anemone (Any money!).

11. Why is an egg overboiled and an egg under-boiled the same thing?—It is hardly boiled.

12. Why is a carpenter uglier than anyone else?—He is a deal plainer.

13. When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he is a shaving.

14. Why would there have been no chickens in Jamaica had Governor Eyre been less energetic?—Because the blacks would have thrown off the yoke and destroyed all the whites.

15. Why is paying a bill and intending to pay it the same thing?—It is pay meant.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., IN MARCH No.—1. O. 2. Constance. 3. Air-gun. 4. Cow-slips. Illustrated Rebus—BEESHERRA.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

EDITORS HOME MAGAZINE:—Among the many published "Receipts for Cookery," there are but few which can be useful in every household, or which an inexperienced housekeeper would be successful in employing. No amount of receipts can be substituted for a "cooking education." The cook must learn the nature of the agents employed, of acid and alkali, eggs, "shortening," etc., before she can attain the perfection of this important household art.

Many of the published receipts are of no value, or are perfectly impracticable for every day or plain cooking, which is really, to most families, of greatest importance. A young housekeeper, looking for a receipt for a plain pudding for her own and her husband's dinner, feels as though there ought to be something which would make one independent of "almonds," "currants," "citron," "suet," etc.; but her inexperienced brain does not conceive what agencies combined will produce the effect.

We give below a few receipts, all tested, which have been selected from different sources—two from the "Home" of several years ago—which any young housekeeper may use with success:—

SALLY LUNN (a pudding).—One pint of flour, into which mix well two teaspoons of cream-tartar; rub into the flour cold a piece of butter half as large as an egg; two tablespoons of sugar; one teacup of sweet milk, in which dissolve half a teaspoon of soda; one egg; bake twenty minutes.

SAUCE FOR THE ABOVE.—Butter, two ounces; sugar, four ounces; flour, two tablespoons; rub these to a cream, and add half a pint of boiling water, and allow it to come to a boil; flavor with lemon or nutmeg.

FRIED CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one of sour cream or milk, with a spoonful of shortening rubbed into the flour; three eggs; flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg; one teaspoon of soda.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Cut a quarter of a pound of butter into a pint of molasses, and let it warm just enough to melt the butter; add a teaspoon of soda, and flour enough to make a batter a little thicker than for

griddle cakes; add at last three well-beaten eggs, and a tablespoon of powdered cinnamon.

STEAMED OR BOILED PUDDING.—One cup sour cream, or milk, in which dissolve a half teaspoon of soda; two cups of sweet milk; make a batter a little thicker than for griddle cakes, and add two eggs and half a teaspoon of salt. Put in a basin and steam an hour and a half, or boil in a tight vessel, immersed in the hot water. Dried cherries or fresh or English currants stirred in the batter are an improvement.

Sauce the same as for Sally Lunn; or, for farmers, rich sweetened cream is excellent. A. C. S. A.

Mrs. W. E. R. sends us a few recipes, which she has tried and calls good:—

MY CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, half cup butter, two tablespoons sour milk, and half teaspoon saleratus. Mix with flour rather thin.

HONEY CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup sour cream, one egg, half teaspoon soda, two cups flour. Flavor to taste. Bake half hour. Eat warm.

COOKIES.—Two eggs, one cup thick sour cream, one cup sugar, one teaspoon saleratus, nutmeg. Mix soft and roll thin.

PLAIN FRUIT CAKE.—Half cup butter, half cup sour cream, one cup sugar, one cup raisins, one cup currants, two eggs, one teaspoon saleratus. Flavor to taste. Flour enough to make a good batter.

SUGAR PIE.—One cup sugar, one cup water, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon essence lemon, half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream-tartar, half cup dried fruit. Mix well and boil, stirring to prevent flour from settling. Bake with two crusts.

BAKED PUDDING.—Make a rich biscuit dough; roll it out; spread on butter; cover with grated nutmeg, and any sauce you please. Double it once. Bake one hour. Serve with sauce.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Boil one quart sweet milk; add two eggs well beaten, with three tablespoons meal and one of flour. Bake forty-five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MOZAICS OF HUMAN LIFE. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A compilation in prose and verse, made with a fine appreciation of style and sentiment. The subjects are classified under the heads of Betrothal, Wedded Life, Babyhood, Youth, Single Life, and Old Age. The publishers have given the book a beautiful exterior, and one well befitting its choice contents.

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By J. G. Holland. Springfield, Massachusetts: *Gurdon Bill*.

The following, from an extended review in the Evening Bulletin of this city, so well expresses our estimate of this volume, that we give it in place of an original notice:—

"No one can rise from the perusal of the life of Abraham Lincoln, which has just been given by the pen of J. G. Holland, without the conviction that he has been brought face to face with the greatest man of modern times. With wonderful industry and ability, Mr. Holland has given us a biography of the greatest of American Presidents, so minute in its details, and so thoroughly covering the whole period of Mr. Lincoln's extraordinary career, that it is difficult to realize how short a time has been expended in the work, and how difficult must have been the exploration which has produced such golden results. With a most loving enthusiasm, the author has traced the various steps which led from the rude log cabin in Kentucky, on whose hard floor slept the backwoods boy, up through all the intervening scenes to the Executive Mansion, where the greatest of living rulers swayed the destinies of the millions of America, and won the univailing praise of the millions of Europe. We read the record of Abraham Lincoln's early days, and as we pass from one scene to another in which the poor, unlettered, unknown boy struggled forward, always towards a clearer light and a higher standpoint, we seize upon the clue which leads, without a single break, directly onward to the final glorious consummation of all his aims. We find precisely the same qualities actively at work in the farm-boy, the axe-man, the flat-boatman, the clerk, which controlled the statesman and the President. An unswerving honesty, a child-like simplicity, and a reverent fear of God run like a golden thread through his whole eventful life, a thread, whose even-twisted strands were laid together by the tender hands of a Christian mother.

"The narrative of Abraham Lincoln's youth stirs the reader with a thrill such as the subtlest romance might excite. Few, comparatively, have realized as yet how utterly poor and humble that youth was. Left a motherless boy of nine years old, in a rough cabin in a wild section of Indiana, whither the family had removed from Kentucky, he grew up at his father's side, industrious, studious, patient, honest. With a physical frame inured to all manner of hardship, and with a genial spirit that rarely lost its balance, he was the leader of the rough athletic sports of his comrades, the best wrestler, the best writer, the best reader, the best story-teller, the best woodsman, the best waterman of them all. But his aim was always upward. He heard within him a clear voice ever saying, 'come up higher!' and he pressed on with a strange mixture of humility and confidence, undismayed by obstacles, undaunted by defeats, un-

moved by the intrigues that surrounded him, and unhurt by the brilliant successes that he achieved."

The volume is not for sale at the bookstores. It is sold only by subscription. The agents in this city are J. D. Brooks & Co. Their address is Box 267, Phila. P. O. See their advertisement.

SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CHINESE. With some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions. With Special, but not Exclusive, Reference to Funchau. By the Rev. Justus Doolittle, Fourteen Years Member of the Funchau Mission of the American Board. With over one hundred and fifty Illustrations. In two volumes. New York, 1866: *Harper & Brothers*.

The author of the volumes before us, from long residence and close observation, possessed peculiar facilities for knowing the peculiarities of that strange people, the Chinese; and his reputation as a missionary is the pledge that his report is a fair one. His volumes are a vast depository of highly interesting facts—perhaps more complete than can elsewhere be found—and as a development of life and customs among the Chinese altogether satisfactory. Their religion, various superstitions, celebrations and festivals, criminal jurisprudence, agriculture, literature, and, in a word, everything entering into their composite character, are appropriately introduced for the better understanding of this singular people. The very numerous illustrations which the author has collected, throw much light on the text, and assist the reader materially through the eye in understanding it. The work is curious, and will be found a valuable addition to Oriental literature.

A THIRD READER, of a Grade between the Second and Third Readers of the School and Family Series. By Marcus Willson. New York, 1866: *Harper & Brothers*.

Teacher and parent will be glad to receive this new reader from one who has already made them so much his debtor.

GUY DEVERELL. A Novel. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas."

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," &c.

These form numbers 261 and 262 of Harper's "Library of Select Novels." They will be eagerly sought by lovers of fiction.

THE LIVING FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE. The Temple and the Worshippers. Know and Govern Thyself. By George W. Thompson. Philadelphia: *Howard Challen*.

We cannot give our readers any information as to the contents of this book. A glossary of some six pages must be mastered before its language can be understood, and we have neither the time nor the inclination to attempt the work. A sentence taken at random from the book will give the reader some notion of its author's style.

"Starting from the ground of sensation in the organisms, and passing through the gradus of cognitions in perception, and their colligations in opining, notion, alizing, intuitating, and ideating, and embracing the

conscious actuations and affections, and claiming that now, in the history of the human consciousness, and as it can now be observed in the gradations of tribes and nations, there is a historical unfolding of the solidaric Self, and that as it unfolds in the complement of all its powers in its deobscuration from its organic autonomy, it comes to know and love God."

MISS OONA MCQUARRIE. *A Sequel to Alfred Hagart's Household.* By Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The best character in this story, which is a very pleasant one, is the old aunt, Miss Kate McQuarrie, a woman of strong sense, who hated what was mean and cowardly as if they were crimes. In this number we give the closing passage in the drama of her life, and commend the extract to our readers.

COUSIN BESSIE. *A Story of Youthful Earnestness.* By Mrs. E. L. Balfour.

TOIL AND TRUST; or, *The Life-Story of Patty the Work-House Girl.* By Mrs. E. L. Balfour.

TOM BURTON; or, *The Better Way.*

ALICE AND HER FRIENDS; or, *The Crosses of Childhood.*

THE GRAHAMS. By Jane Gay Fuller.

Five very handsome and excellent little books for children, published by M. W. Dodd, New York. They are put up in neat boxes, and will make an acceptable present to the little ones.

THE KEMPTONS. By H. K. P., author of "Robin the Cabin Boy." New York: M. W. Dodd.

This story, which gives another and revelation of the evils of intemperance, should have a wide circulation among the rising generation. If we would save society from the curse of strong drink, we must keep the taste of children free from its allurements.

HANS BRINKER; or, *The Silver Skates.* A Story of Life in Holland. By Mrs. M. S. Dodge, author of "The Irvington Stories." Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley and Thos. Nast. New York: James O. Kane.

The gifted author of "The Irvington Stories" has given to the juvenile reading public another child's story of genuine excellence. It combines the instructive features of a book of travel with the interest of a domestic story. Throughout its pages, the descriptions of Dutch localities, customs, and general characteristics have been given with scrupulous care. Many of the incidents are drawn from life. Our young friends have a rare treat in this new book.

WOMEN AND WIN; or, *Noddy Newman on a Cruise.* A Story for Young People. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The story of a boy who makes his way through various stages of neglect and ignorance up to a high development of moral and religious character. Starting with the motto which forms the title of the book, he never loses sight of it in all the chances and changes of his adventurous life. Like all the author's stories, its aim is to make his readers wiser and better.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

ALARM BELLS.

It is sad enough, when one comes to reflect earnestly upon it, to think of all the wasted forces, the dumb and palsied powers, the unused talent there are in the world!

How many faculties and powers there are which have never been awakened, or which, only partially developed, are falling into disuse and rust, which might invigorate and bless human life. I have no doubt but this is one great underlying cause of the weariness and sadness we find everywhere; for who of us have cultivated our possibilities—who of us does not have a vague consciousness that the best part of us has not been wronged and defrauded? And the world needs all the help, whether of brain or brawn, that it can have; and in its great hive there are so many stupid, aimless idlers, who, if they had been set right in the beginning, or found out their own place, would have been a blessing to themselves and mankind, but who have no purpose in existence; who stay here and absorb the vital juices of life, which ought to help and refresh higher and worthier souls, because the "world owes them a living." The question, however, might be mooted whether one could not get nearer the truth by reversing the relations of creditor and debtor? and whether the world is really bound to support its drones and its dullards?

There are few of us who do not need to have some great alarm bells rung amid our powers and faculties, and this is especially true of the young. Lack of opportunity and want of a true comprehension of one's own mental structure is no doubt at the bottom of much of the uselessness and paralysis of intellectual muscle in the world.

There is no one to ring the alarm bells high up in the soul so that all its powers and faculties shall hear the summons, and wake up and shake themselves and find what they have to do, and set to work to do it with their might. All study and all work ought, of course, to be done for love's sake. You remember those quaint, marrowy words of old George Herbert—

"Who sweeps a room as for thy sake
Makes that and the action fine."

It is manifestly our duty to cultivate whatsoever powers God has given us. We cannot lay them up in the napkins of sloth and indifference without wronging Him, and ourselves also; and there is solemn meaning and warning in those words of Christ, "Mine own, with usury."

Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

"Fool not," says again George Herbert,

"For all may have,
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

V. F. T.

A FEW WORDS TO WRITERS.

Many articles fail to receive attention from editors in consequence of defects in the manuscript. These are of various kinds, a few of which we will mention. Carelessness in punctuation is one of them. An editor has usually too much to do to waste time in supplying commas, semicolons, periods, quotation marks, etc., etc., to an article, when his drawer is already full

of MSS. equally good, perhaps better, to which the writers have given intelligent care.

Slovenly and badly written manuscripts go into the waste paper basket by hundreds and hundreds of pages and with them often beautiful thoughts worthy to see the light. There is no excuse for this. If your chirography is bad, take lessons in penmanship; or, if there are good reasons why this cannot be done, practice by yourself, forming the letters slowly and carefully in each word, and you will, in a very short time, be able to give a clear, easily read page. The thing to be acquired is the right formation of each letter; then every word will be plain, so that an editor can read the manuscript submitted to him as readily as if it were a printed page. If you will not take the trouble to do this, you must not be surprised if your articles are declined.

Very small, or fine chirography, in close lines, is generally fatal to a manuscript, so far as we are concerned. Our eyes are pretty well worn out, and refuse to do duty when called on to decipher words and sentences that are too minutely written. Blue or pink paper tries them as much as fine writing; and semi-transparent, or tissue paper, is quite as bad. The same objection holds good as to blue ink; and red ink, now and then used by correspondents, gets no consideration. In preparing manuscript for the press, select white paper, ruled—never thin enough to be semi-transparent.

When writing proper names or unusual words, use extra care. Don't crowd the words together. An open manuscript is more easily read, and stands a far better chance of being accepted.

Write only on one side of your sheet. We are often asked the reason of this. In the printing office several compositors are often engaged in setting up the same manuscript, and in dividing it between them the division must be made at the close of paragraphs. If the manuscript is written on both sides, this cannot be done without cutting through the written lines or sentences on the other side, and giving trouble or causing delay to the compositors.

In sending MSS. by mail to a magazine or newspaper, letter postage must be paid. The law provides that MSS. may be sent to a book publisher at pamphlet postage: and the post office Department has decided that this provision does not apply to magazine publishers. In consequence, we have frequently to pay an excess of postage on MSS. or refuse them. When a large manuscript is presented to us, and the unpaid letter postage demanded, our rule is to decline taking it from the office, unless we know it to be from one of our regular correspondents. Valuable manuscripts may be lost to the writers in consequence of omitting to pay letter postage.

Don't roll your manuscript, but fold it flat. A rolled manuscript is always troublesome to read.

We give these few suggestions for mutual benefit of writers and editors. If heeded by correspondents, many good articles, that otherwise would not be read, will meet with examination and favor.

Our correspondents must not grow impatient if their articles do not appear as early as expected. We have a large quantity of accepted MSS. on hand, more than we can publish for months.

Our "Home Circle" has less variety than usual this month. A number of brief articles from correspondents have been laid over in order to make room for the important temperance circular of the "Young Men's Christian Association," to which we particularly call attention.

THE AMERICAN ORGAN.—We are glad to learn that our best teachers of the piano-forte are instructing their pupils in church music, by teaching thorough bass and giving lessons in harmony. The piano-forte is not the only musical accomplishment; and in these days, when so much attention is given to church music, every piano-forte player should be able to execute harmony.

Many of our citizens, who have a true appreciation of music, are placing in their parlors not only a first class piano, but one of the Messrs Smiths' American Organs, thus furnishing an accompaniment for church music. We earnestly ask our readers who have not become familiar with this instrument, to make its acquaintance at once. The depth, richness, and sweetness of its tone, its tremolo (an attachment which no other maker has used,) its full and perfect swell, surpassing any other of which we have any knowledge, and its compact and tasteful case, make it a most desirable instrument for any parlor.—*Boston Post.*

Descriptive circulars will be furnished by the wholesale Agent, to whom all orders should be addressed—Siberia Ott, 748 Broadway, New York.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We never weary of the memories of childhood. Though often recalled and fondly dwelt upon in later years, still they always come before us with new freshness.

Our Engravings for this month are full of suggestiveness to us who feel the weight of years, and the burdens of many cares. How long ago seems the time when we lisped

"the eternal name of God

With purity's own cherub mouth,"

and prayed, "Lead us not into temptation," while as yet we knew nothing of the deep significance of those earnest words. Childish sports, too, how trifling they seem compared with life's work, and yet how fondly we cherish the remembrance of the pleasure they afforded us in the days of "long ago." Other memories pass beyond the mind's recall—friendships are made and broken, and once familiar faces entirely forgotten, while the recollection of some childhood's pet—a dog, a bird, a kitten—will cling to us as long as life itself shall last.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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